PIONEERS OF GOODWILL

AROLD B. HUNTING

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BY

HAROLD B. HUNTING

AUTHOR OF *Stories of Brotherhood, The Story of Our Bible*, ETC.

Illustrations by
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CONTENTS

FOREWORD xi

I. JOHN ELIOT OF ROXBURY
Early Friend of the Indians 1

II. HENRY MELCHIOR MUHLENBERG
Friend of the Colonists 12

III. JUNIPERO SERRA
The Father of California 24

IV. HENRY BENJAMIN WHIPPLE
Apostle to Red Men and White . . . 35

V. SAMUEL CHAPMAN ARMSTRONG
Friend of the Negro 47

VI. LUCY LANEY
Friend of Negro Children and White . . 59

VII. SHELDON JACKSON
Missionary and Statesman 67

VIII. HUDSON STUCK
Friend of Alaska 79

IX. FRANK HIGGINS
Sky Pilot to Lumberjacks 93

X. CORA WILSON STEWART
Founder of the Moonlight Schools . . 107

XI. ROSWELL BATES
The Gospel of Love in the City . . . 119

XII. ARTHUR NASH
The Golden Rule in Business . . . 130

ILLUSTRATIONS

"Here, take it," he said. "Your need is greater than mine." 3

One cruel custom of those days was to tie ropes around certain of the poorer passengers and throw them over the side of the ship for a ducking. 15

As the days went by, there came to Father Junipero's mind a great and noble plan. 31

The Sioux Indians are on the warpath! 37

He used to dive from a cliff which overhung one of the deep bays. 49

A little Negro woman was showing some boys how to scatter ashes and tidy up the sidewalk. 61

The next ten years of his life were largely spent in stage coaches, traveling in this vast Western territory. 73

The missionary and his helper were trudging along beside their dog sled. 81

Now and then some of the logs would become jammed and the men had to pry them loose. 97

That first evening of the moonlight school plan was the beginning of great things for Kentucky and America. 115

She would often stand outside near the church doors, and ask the people for money as they came out. 123

There were hundreds and even thousands of other garment workers tramping the streets of Cincinnati looking for a job. 139

FOREWORD

To my young friends: This is a book of stories about many different kinds of pioneers. One of them spent his life among the logging camps in the West, where men cut down trees for lumber. Another was one of the great explorers of Alaska, climbing for the first time the highest mountain in North America, and bringing the blessings of Christian education to thousands of Alaskan Indians. All of these workers were pioneers of goodwill. We call them home missionaries. Perhaps you have wondered what a home missionary is. You may have learned that he is a man who preaches the gospel and establishes churches in newly settled communities, and it is true that this is one kind of home missionary work. But you will discover in this book that anyone who helps his country to become a more friendly and righteous country is a home missionary. Of the characters of whom these stories tell, some were preachers, many were teachers, one was a business man. All were interested not alone in saving men's souls but in helping them to have properly clothed and nourished bodies and opportunities for more happiness in their

daily lives, for this is included in the friendliness which Christ came to inspire. Thus not by one method but by varying methods these men and women helped to build in America the kingdom of goodwill.

H. B. H.

New Haven,
Connecticut
April, 1929

PIONEERS OF GOODWILL

I

JOHN ELIOT OF ROXBURY

Early Friend of the Indians

THE young pastor of the Roxbury church was walking down the street, carrying something tied up in a handkerchief. It was his salary for three months. He had just been talking to the treasurer of the church, and the latter had given him the money. "Now, Master Eliot, be careful," the treasurer had said; "don't give away too much of that before you get home. Here, let me tie it up for you in your handkerchief." Taking the piece of cloth, the good treasurer tied up the money securely, making many knots and drawing them as tightly as he could. "There," he said, "I don't believe you can get that untied until you get home." On the way home, however, an Indian met the young pastor and told a story of crops which had failed, and of hungry children at home. John Eliot began to tug at the knots in the handkerchief. But they were too hard and tight for him. At last he thrust the whole thing into the Indian's hands—handkerchief, three

months' salary and all. "Here, take it," he said. "Your need is greater than mine."

This was in the early days of our country. The Pilgrim Fathers had landed at Plymouth only a few years before. Boston and Roxbury were small villages. Indians were frequently seen. The white people were suspicious of them. When the Indians came into Roxbury to sell their baskets and moccasins, most of the white settlers would frown at them. The young pastor, John Eliot, however, always had a smile for them. He could not speak their language, and the Indians knew only a little English, yet both knew the language of friendliness.

John Eliot was born in Widford, England, about twenty-five miles from London, about the time that the Pilgrims were being driven out of England by their persecutors. He received his diploma as a graduate of Cambridge University in 1622, when the little Pilgrim settlement at Plymouth was less than a year old. The spirit of the Pilgrims was spreading far and fast in England in those days, and it was not long before Eliot felt the touch of it. There came a time when, in his own words, "the Lord said unto my dead soul, Live." He decided to become a minister in order that he might preach the gospel of

"Here, take it," he said. "Your need is greater than mine."

this love of God which meant so much to him. A group of emigrants was about to set sail for New England with the intention of settling in Roxbury, about three miles from Boston. They invited Mr. Eliot to come with them and be their minister in the new country. So, on the third day of November, 1631, he landed at Boston, and in due time became the minister of the Church of Christ in Roxbury.

From the first, however, John Eliot was not content to be merely the pastor of the white settlers. He felt that he owed something to the dark-skinned people who were to be seen every day on the streets of the village. "God put into my heart," he says, "a compassion over their poor souls, and a desire to teach them to know Christ and to bring them into his Kingdom." He began to learn the Indian language. He found a young Indian named Cockenoe, who had been a servant in an English family and who understood English thoroughly. This young man became his interpreter and teacher. "By his help I translated the commandments and the Lord's Prayer and many texts of Scripture. . . . I diligently marked the difference of their grammar from ours. . . . We must not sit still and wait for miracles. Up and be doing, and the Lord be

with thee. Prayer and pains through faith in Jesus Christ will do everything."

After he had learned their language fairly well, John Eliot began to preach to the Indian people. One of the first meetings he held for them was in the wigwam of Chief Wauban, in what is now the town of Newton. After he had finished his address they asked questions. For example, they asked if God understood prayers "in the Indian language." Mr. Eliot himself had prayed in English, although he preached in the language of his hearers. They were much comforted when they were told that the good God would understand them whether they prayed to him in English or in their own native tongue. After spending about three hours in the chief's cabin, Mr. Eliot gave apples to the children and went away.

Out of these meetings there grew a little company of "praying Indians." After a time these people were organized into a settlement of their own, called Nonantum, which in their language meant "rejoicing." They forsook their old habits and began to pray morning and evening, to say grace at meals, and to observe Sunday as a day of worship. More than that, they began to build houses instead of wigwams, and planted

trees for orchards, while Mr. Eliot obtained for them "shovels, mattocks, and crowes of iron" with which to fence in their land and till their soil.

Other communities of praying Indians sprang up. One of the most famous of these was Natick, where the Indians said, "We do give ourselves and our children unto God, to be his people." John Eliot began to carry the gospel far and wide among the Indian tribes of eastern Massachusetts. He suffered many hardships. Once, for example, he writes in his diary, "I was not dry night or day from the third day of the week until the sixth, but at night I would pull off my boots, wring out my stockings, and so on with them again in the morning. The rivers also were raised so that we were wet in riding through. Yet God helped me."

This work continued for more than twenty-five years. At least fourteen communities of praying Indians were organized, besides the Indians who became members of the regular white churches. Twenty-four Indians were trained to become preachers and pastors over their own people. For a time it seemed as though the whole race of North American Indians would presently be converted to the religion of Christ. In order

to provide money for this work, Mr. Eliot wrote a pamphlet which was printed and circulated in England. As a result, a society was organized in the old country, called the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in New England. Many thousands of pounds in English money were raised and sent to Massachusetts by this society. The money was used for the education of young Indian preachers and for their salaries.

In order to help still further this work of teaching the Indians the religion of Jesus, John Eliot in later life undertook to translate the Bible into the language of the Indian tribes of New England. He was a fine scholar in Greek and Hebrew, and by this time had mastered the speech of the Indians. But he found it a long and difficult task. There were many words in the Bible for which the Indians had nothing in their language to correspond. For example, they had no fitting word for God. Having never been told of a loving Heavenly Father, they simply had no word by which the idea could be expressed. Mr. Eliot had to take the English word and try to show them what it meant. For fifteen years he worked at his translation in whatever spare moments he could find, in the

midst of his busy life as preacher, pastor and missionary. Finally, in September 1661, the New Testament was published in Cambridge. The printers, the type, and the printing press had all been sent over from England for this special purpose. Two years later the Old Testament was ready. Fifteen hundred copies of both Testaments were printed in this first edition. By 1680 these were all distributed and a second edition was printed. Today only a few copies of the Eliot translation are in existence. There are few persons now living who can read it, for the tribes who spoke the language no longer exist.

One is tempted to raise the question whether all this missionary work among the Indians of New England was a failure or a success. It seems at first a discouraging fact that in less than three centuries the very language into which this man translated the Bible with such enormous pains and effort has become a dead language. And it is true that this early mission to the Indians received a heart-breaking setback, for which Mr. Eliot was not at all to blame. The trouble was that while John Eliot and his friends were translating the Bible for the Indians, other white men were teaching them other lessons.

They were showing them how to distill liquors from grain, liquors which turned both white man and red man into beasts, and whose evil spell the red man had even less power than the white man to resist. Moreover, while John Eliot was winning the friendship of the Indians, other white men were winning their hatred. While John Eliot kept his promises to the Indian, other white men broke theirs. Times without number, white men would make a treaty with the Indians. Such and such a brook or river was to be the boundary line between the white man's territory and the territory of the Indian. A year or two later the white men would find that they needed some of that Indian land, after all, and the treaty would be conveniently forgotten. Bad feeling grew.

In 1675 a fierce war broke out, called King Philip's War, which spread all over New England and lasted three years. Philip was a son of Massasoit, the faithful friend of the Pilgrims at Plymouth. Massasoit was succeeded as chief by a brother of Philip, known to the English as Alexander. Somebody succeeded in stirring up trouble between Alexander and the people at Plymouth. The governor sent men to arrest Alexander. The weather was very hot, and while

in Plymouth Alexander was seized with a violent illness and died. The Indians always believed that the white men poisoned him. Philip took his brother's place as chief, and his heart was set on revenge. It was clear to him that the Indians would have to fight or die.

So the war broke out. Of all those who suffered from it, the lot of the praying Indians was the worst. They were suspected by both sides. Although several hundred of them fought with the English and taught them how to fight Indian fashion, yet the slightest trouble was blamed on to them. A barn was set on fire by hostile Indians. Thereupon several praying Indians were taken out and shot. Mr. Eliot tried to defend his Indian friends from such injustice, and he himself was denounced as a "friend of robbers and murderers." Finally, a large number of these praying Indians from Natick were dragged from their homes and removed for safe keeping to Deer Island in Boston harbor. The homes which they had known for twenty-four years were now broken up. They were kept in captivity for months and suffered much from cold and hunger. Mr. Eliot visited them often and tried to help and comfort them. But when the war was over, the Indians of New England would no

longer listen to the story of the white man's Christ. This is not surprising.

Nevertheless the work was not a failure. Other men took it up. Other tribes of Indians listened to the gospel of the way of love and became Christians. Some day the dream of this first missionary to the Indians will come true, and the whole race of red men, and all other men of whatever race or color, will be gathered to the Good Shepherd's fold.

John Eliot lived to be eighty-six years old. With the love of fun which never left him, he used to say that his old friend John Cotton, who had long since died and gone to heaven, would surely get tired of waiting for him, and might wonder what had become of him. He never lost faith that somehow God would bring success out of failure. It was a great comfort to him that the second edition of his Bible was printed before he died. He had greatly desired, he says, "to leave the Bible" with the Indian race; "for it is the word of life."

II

HENRY MELCHIOR MUHLENBERG

Friend of the Colonists

THE ship had set sail from London, bound for Georgia. It was a long and exciting voyage. They were in constant danger from Spanish pirates. The old sailing vessel swarmed with rats, so that the passengers were bitten as they slept in their hammocks at night. In the middle of the Atlantic it was discovered that there was not enough drinking water, and everyone suffered from thirst. Someone remembered that there were bottles of vinegar on board which might help to moisten parched lips, but the rats had gnawed off the corks and got the vinegar out by letting their long tails down into the bottles and licking them off. Finally, however, two English ships were sighted, and their crews were persuaded to share their supply of water.

Through all these threatening dangers and hardships, there was one passenger who helped everybody, both sailors and passengers, to be

brave. This was Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, a German missionary on his way to preach in America. "There is One with us," said Muhlenberg, "who has never yet failed to save his own. He is a better defence to us than a ship full of sailors and guns." Muhlenberg made friends with his fellow voyagers. There were other German people on board, and he held services for them on Sundays. Then the English came to listen to the singing, and he held services for them also, although he had not yet learned to speak English very well. He was able to persuade some of the rough men on board to change their words and actions. One cruel custom of those days was to tie ropes around any of the poorer passengers and throw them over the side of the ship for a ducking in the Atlantic. Muhlenberg was able to prevent that. So the three months' voyage came to its end, and the young missionary stepped for the first time on the soil of the new world.

In those days large numbers of Germans were coming to America. Many of them were being driven from their homes by religious persecution. The archbishop of Salzburg, for example, had decided that he did not want any Lutherans in his province, and had set a trap for them. He

pretended at first to be friendly, and urged them to go to their Lutheran services of worship openly and without fear. In this way he got the names of about twenty thousand Lutheran Salzburgers, and then proclaimed that they must give up their faith or leave the country. Thousands chose to be banished from their homes rather than be false to their religion. These came to Georgia and formed a settlement called Ebenezer. Thousands upon thousands of other Lutherans came to Pennsylvania, which was still a new country. Philadelphia was only a small town. In rainy weather its inhabitants had to wade through mud, along streets where there were no pavements and no sidewalks. Crowding close upon the town was the forest, swarming with Indians. In the years that had followed the death of William Penn, there had not always been peace between the Indians and the white settlers. There were few schools, and few churches—in many of the settlements none at all. There was danger lest some of these brave people who had come to the new land in search of freedom might forget to worship God and to follow Christ. So they wrote back to their old friends in Germany, "Send us a missionary. Send us an educated minister who will help us to organize

One cruel custom of those days was to tie ropes around certain of the poorer passengers and throw them over the side of the ship for a ducking in the Atlantic.

our churches and schools, and teach our children." It was that call which brought Henry Muhlenberg across the sea to America.

He was born in Eimbeck, Germany, in 1711, the son of a well-to-do merchant. As a boy he loved, better than almost anything else, music and reading. He learned to play the pipe organ and the clavichord, the piano of those days. In school he showed an unusual gift for learning foreign languages. He picked up Latin and Greek and even Hebrew with almost as little effort as it was for you and me to first learn English. It seemed clear to his friends that God meant him to be a scholar. So although his father died before he was twelve, and the family had little money, Henry was sent by his neighbors in Eimbeck to a nearby university, with free board and tuition. Here he gathered a crowd of ragged little boys and girls, who were running about the streets of the city, into a school, and taught them reading and writing. So popular did this school become that the teachers in the regular public schools tried to have it stopped, but the young man was able to continue it in spite of them. Out of this school grew an orphan asylum which still exists. After graduating from the university he acted for two years as pastor of

a Lutheran church. Then came this call from America. There were three churches in and near Philadelphia without a pastor. Would Henry Muhlenberg go? The answer was yes.

He sailed first, as we have seen, for Georgia. He was to visit the new colony of Salzburger Lutherans before going to Pennsylvania. He spent a week in Georgia, and then one night his new friends went with him to the harbor where he was to take a boat sailing north. It was a beautiful summer evening and the moon shone brightly over the water. Just before they said good-by, the visitor's clear tenor voice rang out in the old Lutheran hymn, "Follow me, says Christ, our Captain." All the company on the shore joined in the singing, and none of those who were present that evening ever forgot it. Who can say how many thousands upon thousands in America have followed Christ the Captain, because of the hymn which those Georgia pioneers sang that night by the shore?

In Philadelphia Mr. Muhlenberg kept on having exciting adventures, right from the beginning. One of the three churches that had asked for a minister was located in a country place called the Swamp. There were two small rivers to be crossed on the way thither, both of them

swollen by the autumn storms, and there were no bridges. Mr. Muhlenberg was riding horseback with a farmer named Philip Brandt. As they waded out into one of the streams, Brandt shouted, "Look out, watch your horse!" And there was need of watching, for in midstream the horse sank up to his breast and nearly lost his foothold. Slipping, sliding, part of the time swimming, he got nearly across. Finally the farmer from the bank was able to reach out and seize the bridle rein and help horse and rider to safety. "I never saw a narrower escape," said Brandt.

But there were to be many escapes for Henry Muhlenberg, even more narrow, if possible, during the forty years of missionary work which followed. For example, one night, about six years later, his horse nearly fell with him over a precipice. He was living at that time in a little cottage in the Trappe, the village where one of his churches was located. He had married a Pennsylvania girl, Anna Mary Weiser. During this winter of 1748 there had been a severe epidemic of pneumonia among the settlers. Since there were no doctors outside Philadelphia, people sent for Mr. Muhlenberg. Calls came to him from far and near. He knew enough about simple

nursing to be of great help, and no call was ever refused. Late one night he came home and was warming his hands before the fire when his wife cried out, "Henry! Something has happened to you. The back of your coat is torn, and it looks as though the snow and dirt had been ground into the cloth. You must have had a fall."

"You are a wise woman," said her husband. "Perhaps now you can tell me just how and when it happened."

"Do not joke with me, dear husband," pleaded Anna Mary. Then he told her all about it. "I reached the home of the sick woman. I found her very ill, and I had to stay a long time before I finally made her a little more comfortable. By that time it was late in the afternoon, and the family wished me to stay, as they feared I would not get home before dark and it looked as though there might be more snow. But I left some medicine and said good-by. All went well until, as I rode along, I came to a place where the narrow road runs along the edge of a steep precipice. The melting snow from the side hill had frozen again on the road. I gave my horse a loose rein and hoped he could pick his way safely, but the poor fellow slipped and we fell. Luckily for both, we fell away from the precipice into a

clump of bushes. It was a branch of these bushes that tore my coat."

Someone has said of the life of Jesus that "it was as though a comet had flashed upon the view and had left a trail of light as it sank below the horizon." Jesus left a trail of light as he journeyed through the villages of Galilee, teaching from the hillside or the boat, playing with the children, and speaking such great words of courage and comfort that those who heard him said, "Did not our hearts burn within us while he talked with us by the way?"

Henry Muhlenberg left just such a trail of light. Wherever he went, he brought sweet music. If there was an organ or clavichord in the house, he played. And always he sang, and his hearers listened entranced to that wonderful clear tenor voice. Henry Muhlenberg, as you may know, helped to prepare the first American Lutheran hymnbook.

Since there were almost no schools or school teachers, he gathered the children together in many of the little settlements and taught them their ABC's. Many a time a little sunburned hand would lay a bundle on the teacher's table: "My father said I could bring you some apples," the boy or girl would say. Or, "My mother sent

you some of her coffee cake, because you are so good to us children." One day a group of big boys came to see him. Some of them were twenty years old. "And what do you wish me to teach you, my lads?" said Mr. Muhlenberg, thinking that they wanted to start an advanced class and perhaps study Latin or algebra. They looked at each other in a sheepish way, and grew red in the face. Then one of them spoke out bravely. "Pastor," he said, "none of us have ever had a chance to go to school. Would you be willing to let us sit with the little ones and learn to read and write?" Of course the pastor helped them all he could.

Among the new settlers there were many called redemptioners. These poor people had been kidnapped in some European country, dragged on board ship, and sold as slaves in America for enough to cover the cost of their transportation and a fat profit beside. They had to remain in slavery long enough to work out this redemption price, as it was called; hence the term redemptioners. Mr. Muhlenberg fought this wicked business for years. Once he met one of the sea captains who was helping to bring these people to America against their will. He talked to the young captain about the cruelty of it, and gave

him a book, *The White Slavery of the Redemptioners.* Henry Merton read the book and changed his business. He went to live among the Salzburgers in Georgia, among whom Mühlenberg had sung, "Follow me, says Christ, our Captain," and became one of the leaders in the church at Ebenezer. Other men, like Henry Merton, were moved by Muhlenberg's words to see the shamefulness of this trade.

Traveling all over eastern Pennsylvania, as he did, Mr. Muhlenberg met with Indians almost every day of his life. He never had time to learn their language, being kept so busy helping the white people. But he made many friends among them, and often preached to them through an interpreter. They gave him an Indian name, which you will have very hard work to pronounce: Gachswungarorachs. It means Teacher-whose-words-go-through-the-hard-hearts-of-men-like-a-saw-through-a-gnarled-tree.

This was indeed a good description of Henry Muhlenberg as a preacher. Wherever he preached, great crowds gathered to listen. If there was no church to preach in, he preached outdoors. Even in freezing weather people would stand outdoors, through a whole service, to hear his message of God's love.

The Muhlenberg name is highly honored in the annals of American patriotism. There was Peter Muhlenberg, friend of Patrick Henry and George Washington, and one of Washington's leading generals. His statue stands in the Statuary Hall in Washington today. There was Frederick Muhlenberg, who was the first Speaker of the House of Representatives of the United States. There was Henry Muhlenberg, Jr., who was driven by the British from his home in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, because of his services to the Revolution. And there was the hero of our story, Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, the father of this whole brood of patriots, whose name also was on the blacklist of the commander-in-chief of the army of King George. More than once the little church at the Trappe was filled with American soldiers, and for a time it was used as a hospital for American wounded.

The old church still stands. And in the churchyard you may find the grave of this great-souled lover of God and man. On the slab are carved the words: Who and what he was, future ages will know without a stone.

III

JUNIPERO SERRA

The Father of California

THE story of the settlement of California is one of the brightest chapters in the history of our country. Too often the coming of the white man meant little else beside suffering and unhappiness to the Indians who were already here. And the Indians in turn, after brooding over their wrongs, revenged themselves again and again on the white settlers, torturing and killing innocent and guilty alike. But of California it can at least be said that for many years the forces of justice and goodwill were stronger there than the forces of evil. And this is chiefly due to the goodness and genius of one man, the religious leader of the first settlers, Father Junipero Serra.

Europeans were slow in discovering the fair land of California. Mexico was indeed conquered by the Spaniards, beginning in 1519. And it was not long before these Mexican settlers heard rumors of the fertility and beauty of a

country across the mountains and deserts to the northwest. The early Spanish settlers, however, were mad for gold. No one knew in those days that the sands of many a California river were heavy with gold, so the Spanish conquerors pushed on to the south, to Central America and Panama and Peru, where they did indeed find vast stores of gold and precious stones. Meanwhile the soil of California remained almost untouched by the foot of white man. Ere long, however, several bold sailors, Spanish and English, nosed their way northward in the Pacific Ocean, along the west coast of North America. Rough maps of the coastline were made by some of them, indicating harbors here and there. But there was no real settlement of California by white men until nearly three hundred years after Columbus.

In the middle of the seventeen hundreds, about the time that the French and Indian wars were raging on the north Atlantic coast, a Franciscan monk came to Mexico from Spain as a missionary to the Indians. His name was Miguel José Serra. These Franciscans were members of an order of monks founded by the great Saint Francis of Assisi, who lived in Italy in the twelfth century, and who undertook to imitate literally

Jesus' way of love. The early followers of Francis renounced all possessions and care for money and joyously went everywhere, spreading the gospel of love and helping those who were sick or poor or in any kind of distress. It became a custom that when any man became a Franciscan, he took the name of one of those first followers of the Saint. Miguel Serra chose the name Junipero. The original Junipero had been nicknamed "the jester of the Lord." Once he was caught taking gold lace off the altar of a rich church in order to sell it and give the money to the poor. He was that kind of jester. And Junipero Serra was much that kind of man. At least he had a passion for helping the poor. He was born in the Majorca Islands off the coast of Spain, and early became known as a brilliant student and musician. Coming to Mexico, he had wonderful success as a missionary. He was sent to a remote tribe of Indians who seemed to be sunk in the worst kind of savagery. After a few years their lives were completely transformed. The hungry were fed, the naked clothed, and the quarrelsome lived together in peace.

About that time the Spanish governor of Mexico, Don José Galvez, decided that the time

was ripe for sending colonists into the mysterious land of California. He selected Father Serra to be the religious head of the expedition. There were to be at first three settlements at points along the coast where harbors had already been discovered. There was to be one at San Diego, another at Monterey, and a third between the two. A mission was to be founded at each place, where the gospel would be preached to the Indians. Each mission was to be named after a saint. The Spanish word San means Saint.

"Don José," said Father Junipero, "you have named a mission after San Diego, and another in honor of San Carlos at Monterey, and a third for San Buenaventura. But is there to be no mission in honor of our Father Saint Francis?"

"If Saint Francis desires a mission," answered Don José, smiling, "let him show us his harbor."

The expedition set forth partly by land and partly by sea. Father Serra went with the land party. It was a long, hard journey over wild mountain ranges and barren desert plains. Some of the party perished, others deserted. But on July 1, 1769, they came within sight of San Diego harbor where the two ships of the expedition were already riding at anchor. Great was the rejoicing.

After waiting only a few days, Don Gaspar Portola, the military leader, set forth to find Monterey, the other harbor at which they were to establish a settlement. Father Serra remained for the time in San Diego. Never was a port so hard to find as Monterey. The trouble was that the map was wrong. The old sailor who made it had miscalculated and had placed Monterey too far north. So now Don Gaspar and his men went too far north and kept going farther and ever farther north. For weeks and months they marched on until, on the morning of November 1, 1769, they camped near the ocean, and sent a few soldiers to scout around in search of game for food. Towards evening the soldiers returned in great excitement.

"Just over the hill to the north," they said, "is an inlet from the ocean, leading into a great harbor. Is this Monterey?" The next morning the commander, and the whole company with him, set forth across the hills and soon found themselves looking down upon the dancing, sparkling waters which we call the Golden Gate. White men for the first time were looking upon the world's greatest harbor.

Returning as quickly as possible to San Diego, they told their story. They had failed to find

Monterey, but they had found an even better harbor. "God be praised," cried Father Junipero. "Our Father Saint Francis has indeed made known to us his harbor. We shall name it San Francisco, and build a mission there in his honor."

As the days went by, there came to Father Junipero's mind a great and noble plan. He proposed to build a chain of missions more than seven hundred miles long, from San Diego on the south to San Francisco on the north, each one about a day's journey on horseback from its neighbors on either side. This plan he carried out with a tireless energy which overcame every difficulty. Twenty-one missions were built. There they stand today—most of them in ruins, alas, but even in ruins, beautiful. The great highway along which they were strung like pearls on a chain is still one of the chief thoroughfares of California. It is still called by the name the Fathers gave to it, El Camino Real, that is to say, the King's Highway.

In the happy days when these missions were not in ruins, they were living proofs of what miracles Christlike kindness and patience can work among ignorant and degraded men. Each mission was a community of Indian families and

Franciscan monks living and working together. Within a very few years the red men showed the results of their new training, and had learned better methods of tilling the soil, herding cattle, building houses, and weaving cloth. They had learned to read and write, and to play certain musical instruments. The good monks brought into the country new kinds of fruits. In the garden of the mission of San Gabriel one may still see the great gnarled trunk of the oldest grapevine in California, brought from Spain in 1798 by the Franciscan fathers. The original California pepper tree was likewise planted at the mission of San Luis Rey. Within the shelter of these great households there were at one time as many as thirty thousand Christian Indians. Vast areas of land brought forth lush harvests of grain, and there were thousands upon thousands of heads of sheep and cattle on the green hillsides. Loveliest of all were the roses.

In the missions in those days one got up at five o'clock in the morning, and went with the others to prayers, where God's blessing was asked upon the new day. Then came breakfast. After breakfast everybody went to work—some to the fields, some to the shops, the women to their spinning wheels and looms, the children to school.

As the days went by, there came to Father Junipero's mind a great and noble plan. He proposed to build a chain of missions more than seven hundred miles long . . . each one a day's journey on horseback from its neighbors on either side. . . . Twenty-one missions were built.

At eleven o'clock came dinner, and after dinner there came an hour for games, and then more hours of work. Supper was at six, and after supper until nine there were games again—races and sports of every kind and every innocent kind of pleasure. Life was sweet in the missions.

Life was not only sweet, it was safe. There was justice for all, not only as between white men and white men, but as between Indians and white men. Picture this scene in your imagination—an Indian running for his life, pursued by Spanish soldiers. The Indian succeeds in reaching the mission at San Diego and finds refuge in the church. He is accused by the soldiers of having murdered a Spaniard. The truth is that outside of the missions the Indians were for the most part being treated as they have usually been treated by white settlers. This Indian had suffered many wrongs at the hands of the Spanish soldiers, and had at last struck back in self-defense. Now he stands among the gentle, brown-robed monks, terror-stricken and breathless. Would they give him up to the soldiers? They would not. The soldiers, led by their *commandante,* Captain Riviera, stormed and blustered. "You will be sorry for this," said he. "I will report you to your Father Superior." And away

he went to Monterey where Father Junipero Serra was stopping. Again he insolently demanded that the Indian be surrendered to his soldiers. But the Father, when he learned the whole story, sternly refused. The soldiers never succeeded in capturing the Indian. It is not strange that when Father Junipero died, the Indians fought among each other for shreds of his brown robe and for locks of his white hair.

For nearly fifty years the missions flourished. But the soldiers and the other Spanish settlers were for the most part hostile to them from the beginning. Moreover, as time went on, the Spanish rulers in Mexico listened with greedy ears to stories of the prosperity of the missions in California—stories of great herds of cattle and enormous harvests of wheat.

What greedy men want, when they have the power they usually take. And the officials in this case took the missions, through some trick of the law, and sold them for what money they would bring. Sadly the brown-robed Fathers sailed away to Mexico, while thousands upon thousands of homeless Indians went where they could. Many starved. Many forsook Christianity and became savages again. And when, in 1848, settlers began to pour across the Rocky Mountains

from the United States, the lovely missions lay desolate and the buildings were fast falling into decay. Today many of them have been partially restored in order that the beautiful architecture may not be wholly lost. But none of them are surrounded by busy communities of Christian Indians, working and living together in friendly cooperation.

Nevertheless we dare not say that Father Junipero's life work was wasted. Of the thousands of visitors who come each year from all over the world to feast their eyes on the missions, there must be many who are inspired to add to the world's beauty through love, instead of making it desolate through selfishness, greed, and hate. The missions were one more in a long series of successful experiments in brotherhood, like that of John Eliot and his praying Indians in Massachusetts, like that of Saint Francis and his Brothers, like that of Jesus and his disciples. One day men everywhere will say, There need be no more experiments. We are convinced. The way of love is the best way. Let us make the whole world a brotherhood.

IV

HENRY BENJAMIN WHIPPLE

Apostle to Red Men and White

"THE Sioux Indians are on the warpath! They are killing all the white people they can find!" This was the startling news which ran like wildfire from one Minnesota settlement to another one dreadful day in August 1862. All along the edge of the uncultivated prairies and forests in central and northern Minnesota there was the sound of guns, and the smoke and flame of burning cabins. Before two days had passed, more than eight hundred white settlers had been slain. Troops of United States soldiers were immediately despatched to the frontier, and within a short time the revolt was crushed. But there was a wild cry among the white people not only for justice but for revenge. It was about this time that the phrase was coined, "The only good Indian is a dead Indian."

Not all the Sioux had been hostile to white men; on the contrary, many had stood against their own race, at great risk to themselves, oppos-

ing the attack and even helping to save their white friends after the massacre had begun. Yet these friendly Indians were now in great danger of being slain by angry mobs. There was Chief Taopi, a Christian Indian, who, according to General Sibley of the United States Army, was the means of saving nearly two hundred white women and children from death. Yet men were shouting, "Kill him, kill him!" Nevertheless Taopi was not killed. He had one white friend who was strong enough to say to the angry crowds, "These friendly Indians shall not die. In the face of death they were the white man's friend. Are we to reward their fidelity by a cry for extermination?" The speaker was Bishop Henry Benjamin Whipple, the Episcopal bishop of Minnesota.

Not long after this some of the white men said to themselves, "We must go down to Faribault [where Bishop Whipple lived] and clean out that bishop." "Boys," said another man, "you don't know the bishop, but I do; he is my neighbor. And I will tell you just what will happen when you go down to 'clean him out.' He will come on to the piazza and talk to you for five minutes, and you will wonder how you ever made such fools of yourselves."

The Sioux Indians are on the warpath!

Henry Benjamin Whipple was born in Adams, New York, a little over a hundred years ago. Even as a boy he fought the battles of the weak and helpless. After he grew up he became a preacher and continued to fight for the right, and especially to defend those who could not defend themselves. He was not satisfied to preach in easy parishes, where most people were comfortable and happy, and where there was little need of sacrifice. He wanted to be more in the thick of things. In 1856 he heard that there was great need for another church among the working people in the city of Chicago. His friends said, "Don't go. You'll starve." But he went and organized the Free Church of the Holy Communion, in a section where hundreds of railroad men were living. He bought a book on railroad locomotives and learned all he could about exhausts and inside connections and such things. Then he would go down to the roundhouse where the great iron horses were puffing and would ask questions. Finally he would say, "Boys, where do you go to church? Why not come to my church?" And next Sunday most of his hearers would be at church.

Little by little it came to be known that the Rev. Mr. Whipple had the missionary spirit; that

he was not afraid to go anywhere with the gospel of the Lord Jesus. Missionaries were badly needed in the state of Minnesota, which had just been received into the Union and was still only half settled. So it came to pass that in June 1859 he was elected bishop of Minnesota. He was to be superintendent of all the Episcopal missionaries and mission churches in that great new state.

A stage coach was making the trip from St. Cloud, Minnesota, to Crow Wing. On the seat beside the driver sat a man wearing a minister's collar. As they rode along, it seemed as though one of the wheel horses was inclined to be a shirker. Finally the driver gave the lazy fellow a cut with his whip, and at the same time swore at him.

"Andrew," said the man with the minister's collar, "does Bob understand English?"

"What do you mean, bishop?" was the response. "Are you joking?"

"No," answered the bishop, "I really wanted to know why the whip was not sufficient for Bob, and why you thought it was necessary to swear at him."

"I don't say it's right," laughed the man, "but we stage drivers all swear."

"Do you know what it means to be a stage driver?" asked Bishop Whipple.

"I ought to know," was the reply. "I've done it all my life. It's driving four horses."

"Do you think that is all?" was the next question.

"Well, that is all I have ever found in it."

"Andrew," said Bishop Whipple, "there is a Civil War going on in our land, and men are fighting on the Potomac. There are five hundred soldiers at Fort Ripley and there is no telegraph. There may be an order in this mail bag for those troops to go to the front. If the troops get there before the next battle we may win it, if not we may lose it. When you go back tomorrow there may be a draft in the mail bag for a merchant in St. Paul. If the St. Paul man gets his money, he can pay another man in Chicago, and the Chicago man in turn can pay a man in New York. Andrew, you are the man whom God in his providence has put here to see that all this goes straight, and it is my opinion that you can do better than use his name in cursing your horses."

The man looked earnestly in the bishop's face and said, "Bishop, you have given me a new idea. I never thought of the thing in that way, and,

God helping me, I'll never use another oath."

This was just the kind of thing that Bishop Whipple was doing all the time. He almost lived on stage coaches, for only in that way could he keep in touch with his missions in all parts of the state. Day after day, week after week, year after year, he went on his journeys; being kind to the lonely and discouraged, preaching the gospel of God's love in lonely prairie cabins far from any church, encouraging the missionaries who worked under him to work better, and founding new churches where there had been none. Everywhere he helped people in whatever ways he found them needing help. He even learned to pull teeth, because there were so few dentists in those lonely pioneer settlements, either for white people or Indians. A dentist friend in Chicago showed him how to do it, and gave him a set of forceps with which he relieved many a sufferer from torment.

When Bishop Whipple went to Minnesota there were many thousands of Indians still roaming over its plains. Many of his friends advised him to have nothing to do with them, on the ground that they were a degraded, perishing race. But he resolved, "God being my helper, it shall never be said that the first bishop of Minnesota

turned his back on the heathen at his door." He went up to Gull Lake where there was already a little Episcopal mission to the Ojibway Indians. While he was there an Indian mother asked him to bury her child. The next day the mother brought a lock of the child's hair and said, "I have heard that when a white mother loses her baby she has its hair made into a cross to remind her of the baby who has gone and of Jesus who has taken her. Will you have my baby's hair made into a cross?" The cross was made, "and I learned that an Indian mother's heart is like that of a white mother."

Most wonderful was the response of these dark-faced people to kindness. Years after the burial of the little Indian babe mentioned above, the bishop was passing a point on the Mississippi River when an Indian woman beckoned to him from the shore. It proved to be the woman for whom he had had the cross made from her baby's hair. She had heard that the bishop was to pass that way, and had walked twenty-five miles to give him a present of maple sugar and dried berries.

The famous white leader in the Indian wars, General Custer, once had in his command thirty friendly Indians acting as scouts. They were

from Minnesota, and many of them had been educated in Bishop Whipple's schools. When they returned to Minnesota General Custer wrote to the bishop: "I cannot permit these Indian scouts to return to you without bearing my testimony to their fidelity. I do not say simply that they were good soldiers. They were more than that. I remember one Sunday as I sat in my tent, I heard in the distance the familiar hymn, 'Rock of Ages.' The only men who were worshipping God that day were these sons of those who once roamed over the prairies in barbarous wildness."

Not only did Bishop Whipple defend the friendly Indians from the vengeful rage of white men; not only did he preach the gospel to all the Indians who would listen; he saw clearly and was brave enough to say that most of our Indian troubles were caused by the wicked acts of white men in the first place. For example, he declared:

"In every instance the original cause which led to our recent wars was conduct which would have been regarded as ample cause for war by any civilized country on earth. These Indians had sold us a country as large as the state of New York, as beautiful as the eye ever rested upon. Their chiefs were bribed to sign a provision which

gave the larger part of the payment to certain white men. They were kept for months in a starving condition until many of their people died. It was this which made them say, 'Some day the Great Spirit will look the white man in the face and ask him what has become of his red brother.' "

The dreadful Sioux massacre took place, the bishop declared, when the Indians "were maddened by hunger and a sense of wrong." The white agents selected by the government were almost all dishonest, in fact they were expected to be dishonest. Receiving only a small salary, they lived by stealing from the funds intended for the Indians. Worst of all, each agency was a center for the trade in firewater.

When friends advised Bishop Whipple not to make these charges against the men responsible for the Indian's wrongs, he answered, "They are true, and the nation needs to know them. And so help me God, I will tell them if I am shot the next minute."

Again and again he went to Washington to plead the Indians' cause. Three presidents of the United States received him and talked with him. Abraham Lincoln after one of these talks said to a friend, "Bishop Whipple came here the

other day and talked with me about the rascality of this Indian business until I felt it down to my boots. If we get through this war, and I live, this Indian system shall be reformed."

Alas, Abraham Lincoln did not live long enough to fulfill his promise. But under other presidents, especially Presidents Grant, Cleveland and Roosevelt, a better day began to dawn for the red man. Not that wrongs are not still to be righted. Not that greedy white men do not still take advantage of the ignorance of the Indian. But the opinion of the people has been directed against our treatment of the Indian and in favor of juster laws. As a result, in part, of Bishop Whipple's influence, laws were passed making it possible for the Indian to own land and to become citizen. Schools were established, teaching Indian young men and women how to live as civilized Americans. Honest men were more frequently placed in charge of Indian affairs. And best of all, faithful missionaries such as Bishop Whipple kept on preaching among the Indians the gospel of Jesus Christ.

One of the chief sources of Bishop Whipple's great influence among the Indians was his absolute truthfulness. They did not find all white men truthful. Indeed, many a white man who

would have been ashamed to lie to another white man, thought it was a good joke to deceive an Indian. So, even today, some Americans think it a joke to lie to a foreigner. Once Bishop Whipple was obliged to leave some of his baggage in an unlocked cabin. "Do you think it will be safe?" he asked an Indian friend. "Why, of course," answered the Indian. "There are no white men within a hundred miles." Straight Tongue, however, was what they called Mr. Whipple. For forty-one years, until his death on the 16th of September, 1901, he lived among them. And during all that time he never told them anything but the exact truth, nor made a single promise which he did not keep. To this day they revere his memory. And if sometimes they still meet with white men who lie and cheat, they remember that they could always trust Straight Tongue. They remember also the Heavenly Father of whom Straight Tongue first told them. And because Straight Tongue kept his promises, it is easier for them to believe in the promises of God.

V

SAMUEL CHAPMAN ARMSTRONG

Friend of the Negro

IT was great to be a boy in Hawaii. One could go barefoot every day in the year (except Sunday mornings, when one had to dress up and go to church). And the swimming! Nowhere else in all the world can you find such swimming as in the Hawaiian Islands. The sea is never far away, and the water is always warm. And Sam Armstrong lived in the water, almost as much as he lived on the dry land. He learned to swim nearly as soon as he learned to walk; and before he was grown he used to dive from a cliff which overhung one of the deep bays, forty feet down into the depths below.

The Armstrongs were missionaries. They had come to the Islands in the early days. Samuel's father was Richard Armstrong, a man who did much to win the native people to Christ, and who held important offices under the native rulers. The Armstrong children inherited from their father a strong love of fun. Some of the other

missionaries used to think that Samuel was not a credit to his father. Once when he was preaching, Mr. Armstrong took Samuel and another small son into the pulpit with him, thinking that in this way he could keep them quiet, but he had to stop his sermon to settle a quarrel between them. Still, we can sympathize with the boys. They were full of life and that means, sometimes, full of mischief. There was much to provoke a boy to mischief, and sometimes to laugh, in the missionary churches of those days. For example, squeaky shoes. The native Hawaiians were very fond of them. A man would come walking into church, squeak, squeak, squeak, and sit down near the window, take the shoes off, pass them outside, and in a few minutes his wife would come in, wearing the same pair of shoes, and come squeaking up the aisle herself.

Mixed in with all the laughter and fun, there was work to be done. The Hawaiian people, living in the perfect climate of their islands, had never learned to work. They could live, after a fashion, without working, on bananas and pineapples. The missionaries tried to teach them to work, and were resolved that their own boys and girls should not grow up with habits of idleness. Samuel and his brothers and sisters were

He used to dive from a cliff which overhung one of the deep bays, forty feet down into the depths below.

always hearing of New England boys and how they loved work. "I may say, indeed, that we were brought up on New England boys," Samuel used to tell, when he was a man. But one year some new missionaries came out from this same New England with their families, and the Armstrong children were pleased to discover that the new boys did not like to work any more than other boys did. "Not one of them liked to get up early, or preferred toil to play." Nevertheless a certain amount of useful work had to be done by everybody. Mr. Armstrong had twelve cows. "My brothers, Will and Baxter, and I," relates Samuel Armstrong, "did the milking, for which father roused us every morning." At school, too, there was work to be done. Samuel attended the "royal school" where the sons and daughters of the native chiefs were taught. Among his schoolmates were a future king and queen of the Islands. And every one of them, including princes and princesses, had to hoe every day in the school garden, in the patches of corn, melons and summer squash. If they played in the afternoon they had to hoe in the evening, "until we could count seven stars. . . . We studied the heavens as I have never since done."

Samuel Armstrong learned the lesson of work.

As he grew older he continued to go to school, working at odd jobs during vacations. Once he built a cottage for his father. Another summer he was tax assessor for the Island government. There was a tax on dogs, and one of his tasks was to make sure that in each household all the dogs were counted. There were usually a half dozen or more, and many families tried to avoid being taxed by hiding some of their dogs. Young Armstrong, however, would gallop up to a house at full speed, making a great clatter, which always caused all the dogs in the place to start barking. Then he would stop his horse suddenly before they could be quieted.

Six years pass by, and Sam Armstrong is now General Armstrong. He has come from the sunny Hawaiian Islands to America; has graduated from Williams College; has fought for three years in the Union army, being promoted step by step from captain to brigadier-general; has made a fine reputation as a commander of Negro soldiers; and now at the close of the war is in charge of a large district in Virginia, full of refugee Negro slaves and homeless ex-Confederate soldiers. The Negroes were being fed by the government. Little by little the young general brought order out of confusion. The soldiers

were restored to their old farms, and the Negroes were given the chance to earn their bread, instead of receiving it from Uncle Sam. But one thing became clear to General Armstrong: what the Negroes needed more than anything else was to learn to work. It is not strange that they hated work. Why should a slave love his work? And they had never worked except as slaves. Now they were free and, naturally, many of them thought that freedom meant freedom from work. One Negro preacher taught that work was a sin, because Adam and Eve did not go to work until after they had sinned! Apparently he forgot that the book of *Genesis* itself says that the man and his wife tilled their beautiful garden from the beginning. But anyway, the colored preacher believed that all work was sin. One Christmas he boasted that he had lived a whole week without sin.

In the face of these things Armstrong thought of those schools in Hawaii, where even princes and princesses learned to work. He resolved to start a school of that kind for Negroes, at Hampton, Virginia. And on the first day of April, 1868, the new school was opened with fifteen pupils. Within a month there were thirty. Within a year or two, students were coming by

the hundreds. The boys worked on the land, and were taught how to run a farm intelligently. Some boys were taught carpentry, bricklaying, and other trades. The girls learned how to sew, nurse and cook. Along with these things all of them learned to read, and how to enjoy good reading. And as time went on it was realized that this man Armstrong and his students had discovered something that few men had ever really known before, namely, that the best education for any man, black or white, is one which, among other things, helps him to do his daily work more skilfully. At any rate, no man is really educated who has not learned to work. At one time, going to school meant nothing but "book learning." Now we have manual training along with book learning, and other delightful things.

Starting a school, however, is a tremendous undertaking. Land had to be bought for the farm. Buildings had to be erected, and General Armstrong insisted on having really fine buildings. This was to help his Negro students to have confidence in themselves. The rooms might be plainly furnished, with straw mattresses and the simplest chairs and tables, but the buildings themselves must be noble, dignified structures, so

that all men, white and black, in that region might look at them and think, "That great school, with those beautiful costly brick halls, has been built for Negroes. Somebody certainly believes that they are worth educating." The first of the buildings cost thirty-three thousand dollars, the second, seventy-six thousand dollars; and when the foundation for the second one was laid, there was only two thousand dollars in sight to pay for it. The rest had to be raised by Mr. Armstrong, from friends throughout the country who believed in what he was trying to do, and who were willing to give money to help him. About half of his time, for the next twenty years, he had to spend traveling from one city to another, pleading for money for Hampton. It is good to know that his students helped him in this. The Hampton Jubilee Singers often traveled with him, singing their wonderful plantation songs, while the tears streamed from the faces of their hearers. Afterwards the money often poured from their pockets. The walls of some of the largest of the buildings at Hampton were "sung up" in this way.

For more than twenty years this work continued. When Samuel Armstrong died, in 1893, Hampton Institute was famous all over the

world, with nearly a score of great buildings, and hundreds of Negro and Indian students. It seems miraculous that one young man, without money or special influence, should have accomplished so much. He was able to do it just because he was that kind of man. For one thing, he was brave and hopeful. A braver soldier never lived. His regiment fought in the battle of Gettysburg, and helped to repel the famous Pickett's charge. All of his fellow officers in the regiment (five of them) were killed; and although "bullets flew like hail" over his head, he held his men in line. And all through life he faced trouble and difficulty with the same steadfast cheerfulness. "A good laugh," he said, "is as bad for the devil as some of the long prayers I have heard." And again, "Hopeless folks are only grave-diggers for themselves and everybody else." He was a man of the most astonishing energy. When he came to Williams College he was, says his roommate, "like a cyclone from the South Seas. He could manage a boat in a storm, teach school, edit a newspaper, recite well in Greek or 'math,' conduct an advance class in geometry, and make no end of fun for little children." "There's no place for a lazy man," Armstrong used to say, "in this world or the next."

He was one of the most unselfish men who ever lived. He could always forget himself in order to help others and serve the common cause. His soldiers loved him for this. Once when his regiment was marching through New York City, soon after they had enlisted, they stopped to rest in City Hall Park. It was a hot day, and one of the men came up to Captain Armstrong and asked, "Captain, where can I get a drink of water?" The young captain at once set off to find water. His brother, who was with him, remarked, "It seems to me rather poor military discipline for the captain to be running around for water for his men." The reply was, "The men must have water; I'm bound to see that they get it." In after years, when he was traveling with the Hampton Singers, raising money for the work, he went to the same cheap hotels where they had to go, although he might have been entertained in the homes of his wealthy friends. But he preferred to share with them whatever they had to put up with, doing all he could for their comfort. "Working together," he used to say, "is as important as working at all." "Gabble and gossip is one of the most fatal devices of the evil one. The friction and fuss in God's army does much to defeat it." "In the school the great

thing is not to quarrel; to pull all together; to refrain from hasty, unwise words and actions; wisely and unselfishly to seek the good of all."

Finally, General Armstrong was a man of deep faith in God. He believed that God had sent him to do the work he was doing, therefore he could not fail. "I must win. It would be wrong to humanity to fail, and the way is clear. God's hand points up to a steep and craggy height—it must be climbed—I will climb it." It is this simple faith which breathes through the little letter to his family which was found among his papers after his death:

"Now when all is bright, the family together, and there is nothing to alarm and very much to be thankful for, it is well to look ahead and perhaps to say the things that I should wish to be known should I suddenly die.

"I wish to be buried in the school graveyard, among the students, where one of them would have been buried, had he died next.

"I hope there will be enough friends to see that the work of the school shall continue. Unless some shall make sacrifice for it, it cannot go on.

"A work that requires no sacrifice does not count for much in fulfilling God's plans. He who makes no sacrifice is most to be pitied. He

is a heathen, because he knows nothing of God.

"I wish no effort at a biography of myself made. Good friends might get up a pretty good story, but it would not be the whole truth. The whole truth of a life usually lies deep down—we hardly know ourselves—God only does. I trust his mercy. The shorter one's creed, the better. 'Simply to thy cross I cling,' is enough for me.

"Prayer is the greatest thing in the world. It keeps us near to God. My own prayer has been most weak, wavering and inconstant, yet it is the best thing I have ever done.

"I am most curious to get a glimpse of the next world. How will it seem? Perfectly fair and perfectly natural, no doubt. We ought not to fear death. It is friendly.

"Hampton must not go down. See to it, you who are true to the black and red children of the land, and to just ideas of education.

"It pays to follow one's best light—to put God and country first, ourselves afterward.

"Taps has just sounded."

VI

LUCY LANEY

Friend of Negro Children and White

SOME visitors were being shown around the beautiful grounds and fine buildings of the Haines Normal and Industrial School, in Augusta, Georgia. Coming around a corner they passed a little old Negro woman, black as charcoal, who was showing some boys how to scatter ashes and tidy up the sidewalk. The guide who was with the visitors told them something of the history of this school for colored boys and girls. "It was founded," he said, "by Lucy Laney. Everybody around here calls it Lucy Laney's school." "Who is at the head of it now?" they asked. "Why, Lucy Laney—the woman we saw showing those boys how to do their work." "Oh, is that Lucy Laney?" one of the women replied. "I thought she was just one of the helpers around the place."

That is the kind of woman Lucy Laney always has been. She wanted to be "one of the helpers." As long as she was helping someone she was satisfied.

She was born in slavery, back in the days before the Civil War when nearly all Negroes were slaves. But even in those days there were many white men and women who owned slaves, and who did not see any way of setting them free, who nevertheless detested the whole idea of slavery. Lucy's mother, Louisa, was the personal maid of such a white woman. This woman, whose name was Miss Campbell, believed that all men, black or white, were children of God, and that each child of God should have a fair chance to make the most of himself. She encouraged Lucy's mother and father to learn to read, and when little Lucy was four or five years old, Miss Campbell undertook to give her an education. There was a fine library in the Campbell home, and many a day, while the mother was dusting the books and shelves, little black Lucy was curled up in a big armchair, reading. The war came and went, and left the Negroes free and the white people poor. And still the friendship between Lucy and Miss Campbell continued. Still this fine, wise woman encouraged her former black slave to get an education. Lucy went to a high school for colored people, and then to the newly organized Atlanta University, a Negro college, and was one of the first four students

A little Negro woman was showing some boys how to scatter ashes and tidy up the sidewalk.

who graduated from this institution. All honor to that brave, broad-minded, big-hearted Southern white woman who gave Lucy Laney her chance!

After a few years of teaching in the public schools, Lucy Laney came to Augusta and started a school of her own. She had been encouraged to undertake this by one of the boards of the Presbyterian Church. But they had not promised her any salary. She had to get along as best she could on what her pupils and their parents could pay. Almost from the first she had a large school. The second year there were more than three hundred pupils. Nor would she ever turn a poor boy or girl away. Even if it meant hiring more teachers, and renting or building more schoolrooms, she took in all who really wanted to learn, and trusted God to bring forward friends who would pay the bills. She herself in those days lived on almost nothing, wore her shoes till they had no soles, shivered through chilly nights with too few blankets, even starved herself of needed food, all for the sake of her boys and girls. There were all sorts of troubles. No one then knew how to fight malaria by killing mosquitoes, and some seasons nearly every student would have "chills and fever." One time

the druggist sent over morphine tablets by mistake, instead of the quinine which was to be taken for malaria, and the whole school was poisoned. Some of the pupils nearly died. At another time there was a flood in the Savannah River which flows through this part of Georgia, and Miss Laney's school was shut off for three days from the rest of the world. Men came in boats with drinking water and food.

As the years passed, men and women with money began to be interested in the school, and to give money to it. Miss Laney went to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, and, standing before that great audience, pleaded for more money to educate the colored boys and girls of Georgia. "It was a novel sight to me," wrote one listener. "A young colored girl (no, I cannot call her colored, for she was blacker than black) brought greetings from her people and besought our mission board for more schools." As the result of this visit, Miss Laney and Mrs. Haines, the chairman of the women's committee of the board, became close friends, and that is why Miss Laney's school came to be named the Haines Normal and Industrial School.

They teach all sorts of subjects at this school.

Miss Laney herself has been teaching Latin classes for many years. But they also teach cooking and sewing, carpentry and cobbling. Miss Laney started one of the first kindergartens for little children in Georgia. She also arranged for music classes, and organized a school orchestra which has given concerts all over the state. It was Miss Laney who brought the first trained nurses to Augusta. Never before had either white or black people had them. There had been an old "pest house" in which patients with contagious diseases had been kept. She persuaded the city council to let her have it for a hospital, and brought a trained white nurse from Canada to be superintendent. Ten of her students took up the study of nursing. Later the city built a new hospital with two hundred beds, and one of these colored girls was made its superintendent.

Everybody in Augusta, white and black, has always loved Miss Laney. She has been a friend of all. Many a little neglected white child, whom she perhaps passed one day on one of the poorer streets, has received a better chance in life because of Miss Laney. At the school she has been like a mother, both to the pupils and to fellow teachers. If the building has been cold, she herself has found out what ailed the furnace. If

some girl who was supposed to be working in the kitchen needed to get outdoors into the sunshine, Miss Laney would take her place, and make the biscuits or wash the pans. When some especially good movie comes to town, Miss Laney takes pains that all the children shall see it.

"One of the most familiar figures about the school halls," someone has written, "is that of Miss Laney, short and round, pacing slowly along in front of another, tall and gaunt, whose hands rest on her shoulders. She is leading a blind friend—one of the old teachers who was with her in the early days of the school. In the morning or evening, if one watches closely, one may see a school boy with a tray of food making his way to a house across the street. There lives an old couple, too old to care for themselves, to whom Miss Laney sends food and coal."

Miss Laney's school now has over a thousand pupils. Its graduates have gone all over the Southland, and almost all of them have become useful citizens of their country, and loyal followers of Christ. Many of them are teachers, preachers, lawyers and doctors. Many of Miss Laney's boys served in the World War, most of them being commissioned officers. Many of these fine Negro citizens were once dirty ragged

youngsters, playing in the midst of the filth of some neglected street in Augusta or some near-by Georgia town. But one day Miss Laney came by, talked to the child and to his parents, and presently you might have seen that same child at Miss Laney's school, bathed and neatly dressed, and working hard at some useful task or worth-while lesson. For this noble colored woman believes indeed that "all God's chilluns got wings." She has given her life to help the children of her race to fly toward goodness and happiness and God.

VII

SHELDON JACKSON

Missionary and Statesman

IT was a stormy winter afternoon on the prairies of Minnesota, and bitterly cold. Inside the little house of a poor family there was no more food. The last bit of flour had been scraped from the bottom of the barrel. It had been a hard year in Minnesota. The Civil War was raging in the South. Times were hard everywhere, and poor settlers on the plains were among those who suffered most. A little girl looked out through the window of the house and saw a cart coming up to the front gate, drawn by a pony. A little man in buffalo furs came up the front walk. "Oh, papa," cried the little girl, "it is Mr. Sheldon Jackson! Things will be better now!" And they were.

Wherever Sheldon Jackson went, things began to be better. He was a messenger of love, in the name of God. He was born in Minaville, New York, on the 18th of May, 1834. New York State in those days was almost "west." No

doubt his experiences as a boy in a pioneer home, and especially in a deeply religious home, gave him a taste for missionary work. When he graduated from Princeton Theological Seminary at the age of twenty-four, he applied for appointment to the Foreign Mission Board of the Presbyterian Church. The doctor thought he was not strong enough for service in foreign lands, so his application was denied. Perhaps the doctor was influenced by the fact that the young man was so slight in build. He never grew to be much over five feet tall, and probably never weighed more than a hundred and twenty-five pounds. But the doctor certainly was wrong in his opinion of Sheldon Jackson's ability to endure physical hardship. During his fifty years of service as a home missionary in the West, he traveled almost a million miles. The fact that he was a short man was all to his advantage in this respect, for he could sleep curled up on the four and a half foot seats of the Western stage coaches. Larger men would have found this impossible.

Sheldon Jackson began his work as a missionary just before the Civil War broke out. He was sent by the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions to La Crescent, Minnesota, just across the Mississippi River from Wisconsin. The sal-

ary was three hundred dollars a year. There was no church in the village, and there were only about fifty or sixty houses. He remained here for nearly ten years, with the exception of a few months when he served as a preacher for the soldiers in the South and nearly died from typhus fever. He preached not only in La Crescent but at thirty other preaching stations in the region, situated from ten to a hundred miles apart. He organized twenty-three churches; persuaded twenty-eight other ministers (by letters, etc.) to come West into home mission work; collected over thirteen thousand dollars for the support of home mission churches; and, most important of all, helped "things to be better" for hundreds and thousands of lonesome and sometimes hungry and often sinful human beings.

After the Civil War was over, the next great event in the history of our country was the settlement of the far west. There was a great migration, and covered wagons in a long line followed every trail into western Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, the Dakotas, and on up the slopes of the mighty Rockies. Railroads were being built with almost breathless haste. In 1869 the first great transcontinental railroad, the Union Pacific, was finished. New towns sprang up, here, there, and

everywhere. And among the first settlers in every new town were saloon keepers and gamblers, and other men whose business was to make money by doing harm. What should Christian churches be doing when such events are going on? It would seem as though the church should be in the new town as soon as the saloon and the gambling den. Her ministers and missionaries should be as eager to do good to lonely, friendless men as others are eager to do them harm. But in those days not all the men in the official boards of the churches were awake to the opportunity. "We have no money," was sometimes said, "to support missionaries in the West. Besides, it would be a waste of money. Who knows which of these new towns will be permanent? Many of them are just 'boom towns,' which in ten years will have vanished without leaving a trace. Let us wait until we are sure that our money will count for something; until we can be sure that what we spend will lead to the building of fine, substantial churches of which we can be proud." They forgot, of course, that in the meantime hundreds of thousands of men and women who sorely needed the love of man and God might live and die unhelped and unbefriended.

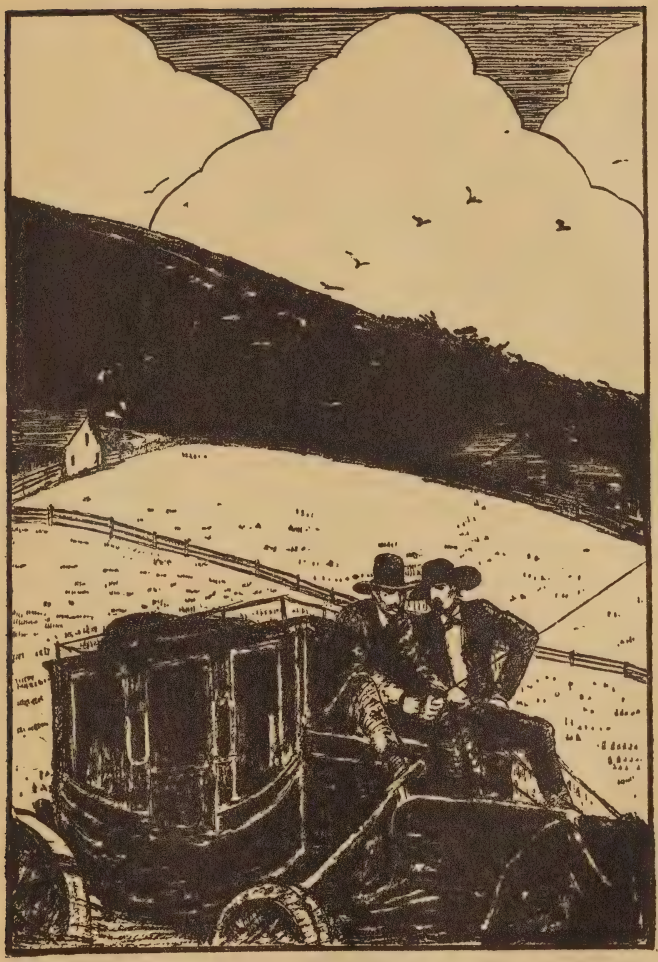
On the 10th of May, 1869, the last spike was

driven on the great transcontinental Union Pacific Railway. On the first day of that same month, a group of church leaders (the Missouri River Presbytery) were holding a meeting in Sioux City, Iowa. Sheldon Jackson was one of them. Near the town was a high bluff known as Prospect Hill, from which one might see on a clear day, besides Iowa, parts of three other states—Nebraska, South Dakota, and Minnesota. Mr. Jackson with two friends went out one afternoon for a walk and climbed Prospect Hill. Looking out over that great stretch of prairie, they talked together of the people who were pouring in by hundreds of thousands, and of their needs. Then they knelt down and asked God to help the church to meet those needs. The next day the spirit of that hilltop prayer-meeting seemed to take possession of the whole group of ministers and church leaders; and Sheldon Jackson was appointed "missionary superintendent, for the Missouri River Presbytery, of Western Iowa, Nebraska, South Dakota, Idaho, Utah, Wyoming and Montana." There was not a dollar in the treasury to pay the superintendent's salary, and Mr. Jackson accepted the appointment.

Immediately he and his friends began to pray

and to write letters to Christian friends back East asking for money to support this work. Almost the very next day after the first letter was sent out, the checks began to come in. Within a week Mr. Jackson had stationed three ministers in important stations along the line of the new railroad, and guaranteed to raise their salaries. A few weeks later he sent out four more, then ten more. In the course of a year and a half he raised over ten thousand dollars to pay these men. And before very long the Home Mission Board of the Presbyterian Church took over their support. But it was chiefly Sheldon Jackson who had seen the opportunity and whose work compelled the church to take advantage of it.

The next ten years of his life were largely spent in stage coaches, traveling night and day, back and forth, up and down this vast Western territory; holding religious services in new communities, speaking words of comfort in the homes of the sick and dying and saying the last words of hope and faith over lonely graves; organizing Sunday schools and churches; persuading discouraged and wayward people with Christ's help to try again. Times without number Sheldon Jackson's life was in danger—sometimes from



The next ten years of his life were largely spent in stage coaches, traveling back and forth, up and down this vast Western territory, holding religious services in new communities.

hostile Indians, sometimes from bandits, and in other ways. Once he himself was mistaken for a bandit, and for a moment looked down the barrels of a dozen clicking revolvers before he could explain the mistake. It would be impossible to begin to tell of his narrow escapes from prairie fires, from floods, from being thrown down steep mountain cliffs and embankments, from being buried under plunging snow slides, and from danger and death in still other forms. And everywhere he went, "things were better" because men and women knew that someone cared. Moreover, just at this time when the great West was being settled, Sheldon Jackson founded churches where they were needed in the new country, so that men and women would keep on being made to know that some people cared, and that God cares always.

Meantime Secretary Seward had purchased the territory of Alaska, thus adding several million square miles to our national domain. Sheldon Jackson turned eager eyes towards that distant frontier. He was always longing to be out on the edge of things where new history was being made. In the summer of 1879 the Board of Home Missions granted him a vacation of two months which he used not for rest but for the

hardest kind of traveling, up and down the coast of southeastern Alaska. He made a six-day trip of two hundred and fifty miles in a canoe thirty-five feet long with eighteen Indians. Some of them were Christian Indians and some were not. The Christian Indians used to sing hymns as they paddled, and one day the leader of the others asked, "Who is this Jesus you are singing about?" You see, in this country too there were thousands of people, both white men and Indians, who needed to know that someone cared. Alaska was a neglected territory. Few in the United States took any interest in it. Most men scoffed at Secretary Seward for purchasing it from Russia, and called the territory "Seward's Folly."

As yet no steps had been taken to found a territorial government, and it was in part through Sheldon Jackson's influence that a governor and judges were at last appointed. There was no postal system, and one of the first mail routes was established by Mr. Jackson himself. He made the contract with the Postmaster General, and undertook to be responsible for the delivery of the mail by Indian canoes to five stations along the coast. There were no schools, except a few which had been established by missionaries, and Dr. Jackson not only persuaded the government

at Washington to appropriate money for schools, but undertook the job of first school commissioner at a very small salary. In fact, he spent most of the rest of his life in Alaska, starting schools for the government, founding churches, and in general helping "things to be better."

One of the most interesting episodes of his life in that northern country is the story of the reindeer. The western and northern coast of Alaska has always been settled by Eskimos. These people are naturally shore dwellers, and get their living from the sea, going out fearlessly in their little boats to harpoon whales, or hunting walrus and seals on the ice. But little by little white hunters and fishermen, with their steamboats and guns, had been killing off these animals, leaving the Eskimos without food or clothing. What could be done about it? The answer was suggested to Dr. Jackson by the habits of the wild tribes on the Russian side of Bering Strait. "They had an unfailing food supply in their large herds of domestic reindeer. Why not introduce the reindeer on the American side? To do this will give the Eskimo as permanent a food supply as the cattle of the western plains . . . the inhabitants of those sections. . . . It will also utilize the hundreds of thousands of square miles

of moss and snow-covered wastes which are now useless." For the reindeer finds much of his own food in winter, pawing away the snow from the moss which lies beneath.

After trying for some time to interest the members of the Congress at Washington in his project, Mr. Jackson, as usual, went ahead on his own responsibility. He secured a little money from friends and went on a trip along the Arctic coast of Siberia, coming back with sixteen head of reindeer. These were kept over the winter, and not only thrived but increased their numbers with several fawns. Much interest was now awakened in the experiment, and the government finally made a small appropriation for carrying it further. More deer were brought over, and a reindeer station was established with a trained man in charge who taught the Eskimo how to care for these animals. All told, about twelve hundred deer were imported from Siberia. Within fifteen years these had increased to almost thirteen thousand, not counting the hundreds and thousands which had already been used for food, and whose hides had been tanned and made into shoes and clothes. In this wonderful way, "things were better now" for the Eskimo.

Sheldon Jackson died on the 2nd of May, 1909,

lacking only a few days of being seventy-five years old. He had been a home missionary for about fifty years. During this time he had founded a hundred churches, many of which are today great institutions, both in numbers and influence. More important still, he had carried the story of the love of God in Christ into innumerable individual hearts and lives. How did he do it? Someone once remarked of him, "Sheldon Jackson never hurries; he just persists." And that is another way of saying that he trusted God, and cared for nothing but to do God's will.

VIII

HUDSON STUCK

Friend of Alaska

THE missionary and his helper were trudging along beside their dog sled on the ice of the river Chandalar in northern Alaska. It was just a few days before Christmas, and the thermometer registered many degrees below zero. "Ten miles of tramping in the long dim twilight of the Arctic winter," writes [1] Mr. Stuck, who was the missionary beside the sled, "brought us to a native Indian village. The people came out to meet us and said that they were just about to bury a baby, and asked me to conduct the funeral. On the way back from the little grave I asked of what sickness the baby died. They pointed to their throats. It was diphtheria, the dreaded scourge of the north country. There were already two other patients sick with it, a boy of sixteen and an older woman. We resolved to send back to Fort Yukon for supplies and for the mission nurse, and in the meantime do our

[1] In *Ten Thousand Miles With a Dog Sled.*

best. For five days I was busied in caring for the patients, and in a strenuous effort to maintain a quarantine of the cabin where they lay. There was little that I could do except to swab out their throats and adminster food every two hours. There was nothing to eat in the village but dried meat, and these throats which were like red-hot iron could scarcely swallow even the liquid food which we prepared from our packs. As the disease advanced it became increasingly difficult for them to swallow. After two or three days the woman, I thought, seemed to get a little better, but the boy grew worse. One becomes attached to those to whom one ministers, and this poor speechless boy, with the terrible throat and the agony in his black eyes, appealed to me very strongly indeed. It was torture for him to move his head or to open his mouth, and I had to torture him continually. Our fifth day in the village was Christmas eve. My boy was in a critical condition. But just as the last lingering glow of the long twilight was fading from the horizon, there was a tinkle of bells on the trail, and I knew that relief was at hand. The nurse had dropped everything and come, as I knew she would." The day was saved. The boy got well and the missionary went his way. Six years later Mr.

The missionary and his helper were trudging along beside their dog sled on the ice of the river Chandalar in northern Alaska.

Stuck baptized a baby son of that same boy who had lain so ill, and who would surely have died if help had not come in the nick of time.

The story just told is typical of one part of the work which Archdeacon Hudson Stuck carried on among the Indians of Alaska for nearly a score of years. It also helps us to understand why such missionary work is so much needed and is so worth while. These Alaskan Indians are in many ways a noble race. They have lived in that climate for hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years. During most of that time they had no tools but the stone axe and the flint knife, no weapon but the bow and arrow, no material for fish nets but root fibers, and no means of building a fire save two dry sticks. Yet they have surmounted the dangers of the snow and ice, and the Arctic winds which drive the temperature down to thirty, forty, fifty and sixty degrees below zero, during many months of the year. They are brave and intelligent and lovable. Yet they are today in danger of being destroyed.

Two enemies threaten them. One is an ancient enemy whose name is superstition. The Indians of Alaska, like uneducated races everywhere, have always believed in a multitude of evil spirits surrounding them on every side. And their na-

tive religion has concentrated on efforts to keep these mysterious foes from getting angry at them. The witch doctor of each village or tribe is the man who is supposed to know just what rites and ceremonies will keep the spirits in good humor. Most of these witch doctors are greedy, and some of them are wicked and cruel. As a price for keeping away the spirits, they demand whatever they may take a fancy to, regardless of the cost in sorrow and suffering to some poor Indian family.

The other enemy is the bad white man. It would almost seem that one enemy might have been enough. The combination of the two is deadly. The bad white man may be a miner, a soldier, or a trader. Somehow the very worst white men, as well as the best, seem to be attracted to countries like Alaska, where there are native races who are ignorant of our civilization, and who can be cheated and robbed and made wretched as easily as they might instead be helped. In the wake of white men come new diseases common in their own country, but to which the Indians have not been accustomed, and which often prove deadly to them. Diphtheria is one example, measles is another, tuberculosis is another. To some extent, then, this inroad of

disease is unavoidable. But bad white men spread other diseases that are the result of their evil ways of living. The drinking which follows the whiskey trade makes all diseases in that region ten times more fatal. Again, white traders cheat the Indians. All over Alaska they have to a large extent robbed them of warm clothing. In the old days, before the white men came, the Indians wore furs in winter. Today they are kept in debt to the white trader by the latter's trickery, and are obliged to sell him each year the season's catch of furs. In return the trader gives them not even woolen garments, but only cotton ones. As one trader said to Mr. Stuck, "We've got to get their money somehow." The result is that the Indian, chilled and weakened by unaccustomed exposure in cotton clothing, falls an easy prey to disease. "Unfortunately," says Mr. Stuck, "Alaska's white population is sprinkled with such men. They are the curse and the disgrace of the country." They not only cheat the Indian, they break down his natural strength of character. The old-fashioned Indian might be superstitious, and sometimes wicked; but the young Indians who have come in contact with bad white men are likely to lose all their own natural virtues and take on the white man's

worst vices. Many of them not only learn to drink and curse, they become disloyal and unprincipled and dishonest.

The story of the needs of these Indians found, in the early years of the twentieth century, an eager listener in the young minister, Hudson Stuck, who was at that time the dean of St. Paul's Cathedral in Dallas, Texas. Born in England, Hudson Stuck was by nature a traveler and an explorer. One of his uncles had traveled all over the world, and on his return to England after one of his journeys brought home a parrot. The young nephew was very fond of the parrot, and also of his uncle's stories. As he grew older he loved to go on long hikes, and to climb the hills of England and the higher hills of Scotland. It was no doubt this love of travel and adventure which brought him to America to finish his education. He became an American citizen, and graduated from the University of the South, at Sewanee, Tennessee, in 1902. Two years later there came to him in his comfortable Southern home the story of the desperate needs of the people of Alaska, and also the invitation to become superintendent, or archdeacon, of the missions of the Episcopal church along the valley of the Yukon River, which stretches from east to

west across the great peninsula. Mr. Stuck had not been a strong man physically, but the call of this opportunity was irresistible. He said to a friend, "If I stay here I shall probably be able to work for at least twenty more years. If I go to a hard field like Alaska, I may not be good for more than ten. But I have no wife or children. I would rather do Christ's work in the hard places." So to Alaska he went. He lived and worked there not ten years but sixteen, traveling all over the interior of that vast country with his dog sled and his faithful dogs, giving counsel and encouragement to lonely nurses and teachers and doctors in scattered communities, and everywhere seeking to discover new groups of Indians to whom the gospel of Christ had not yet been brought.

To this born pioneer and explorer, Alaska was a country of infinite delight. He became a famous mountain climber as well as missionary. With three companions, he was the first to reach the top of Mount Denali, or Mount McKinley, the highest peak on the continent of North America, which was gained on the seventh of June, 1913. "We stood together," he writes, "and shook hands all around, and said a prayer of thanks to Almighty God that he had granted us

our heart's desire and had enabled us to reach the top of his great mountain."

Let us have a glimpse of this man's work among non-Christian Indians. He had come to a little encampment of natives who had never before received any systematic instruction in the gospel of Christ. "There followed for two days an almost continuous course of instruction in the elements of Christian faith and Christian morals, all day long and far into the night, with no more interval than cooking or eating required. In the largest tent of the encampment, packed full of men and women, the children wedged in where they could get, myself seated on a pile of robes and skins, my interpreters at my side, my hearers squatting on the spruce boughs of the floor, the instruction went on. Whenever I stopped, there was urgent request to go on, until my voice was almost gone from incessant use. . . . Always the core of the teaching was the same. This is God's world, not the world of evil spirits, and if we obey God's good laws we need fear no evil. No one, neither medicine man nor witch doctor, nor ghost nor demon, can hurt a hair of our heads if we trust in God."

Everywhere the people listened with the same eager interest. They were always especially

stirred by the story of the death of Jesus on the cross. "I have seen Indians stirred to as great indignation by this story, when they heard the details for the first time, as was that barbarian chieftain Clovis the Frank, who laid his hand upon his sword and said, 'Would that I and my men had been there.' "

And the influence of the gospel in the daily lives of these people has often been marvelous beyond words. Especially is this true of the boys and girls who have attended the schools which Mr. Stuck helped to establish and maintain. Here, for example, is his story of the change which came over the young Indian boys who attended the school at Nenana, where he had stationed a lady named Annie Craig Farthing as principal. "Her work left a mark broad and deep upon the Indian race of this whole region, which will never be wiped out. I have seen Indian boys gathered about this gray-haired lady, their hearts filled with as true chivalry as ever animated knight of olden time. Tall, upstanding fellows, unaccustomed to any restraint at all, unaccustomed to any respect for women—I saw them fly at a word, at a look, to do her bidding, saw cap snatched from head if they encountered her about the buildings; saw them

jump up and open the door if she moved to pass out of the room."

A chain of these missionary schools was maintained by Mr. Stuck, up and down the Yukon River and its tributaries. Who could measure their influence? What lessons were learned by hundreds and thousands of dark-skinned, black-haired boys and girls, of honor and reverence, of the nobility of service, of the love of God?

Hudson Stuck was a great lover of dogs. They were his constant companions and helpers on his journeys. One of them deserves special recognition. For nearly six years Nanook was Mr. Stuck's wheel dog. "Six years is not very much of a man's life," writes Nanook's master, "but it is all of a dog's effective working life. And Nanook had given it all to me, willingly, gladly. He pulled so freely because he loved to pull. He delighted in the winter, in the snow, and cold; rejoiced to be on the trail; rejoiced to work. When we made ready to depart after a few days at a mission or in a town, Nanook was almost beside himself with joy. He would burst forth into song as he saw the preparations in hand, telling to all, with his barks, as plainly as if he had spoken in English or Indian, that he was eager to be on the road again." Mr. Stuck

had planned to pension Nanook after he had finished his sixth season. He was to have a home where every day for the rest of his old age he should have his dinner of boiled rice and fish. But it was not to be. One night the dogs were put to bed in a stable with some horses, and were not properly tied. One of the horses kicked poor Nanook, inflicting a fatal injury. "When I put my head down to his, and said good-by, he licked my face. . . . My eyes filled with tears. He was as fine a dog as ever lived; as faithful and intelligent a creature not of the human race as any man ever had for a servant, companion and friend. And I thought more of myself that he had put his tongue to my cheek when I said good-by to him."

Hudson Stuck died on October 10, 1920. He had been ill with bronchitis for several days, but his condition had not been considered serious. The real cause of his death was his disappointment at not being able to bring about the removal of a certain factory for canning salmon which had been located at the mouth of the Yukon River, and which had been robbing thousands of his Indian friends of their living and reducing them to starvation. It was another example of the white man's greed. As everyone knows, the

salmon return from the ocean each year in order to deposit their eggs upstream in the river where they themselves were originally hatched. This factory was catching all the fish, with great nets, at the very mouth of the river, as they came swarming back from the ocean at spawning time, a "silver horde." The Indians—fifty, a hundred, five hundred miles from the sea coast—had always caught their share of salmon when the fish came up the river, eating them fresh, and drying quantities for food during the long winter. Now there were no fish left to catch, and the Indians were living on soup made of moss or leaves. Like a whirlwind out of the north, Hudson Stuck had swept down to the nation's capital, begging the men who had the power to right these wrongs to pass a law which should regulate the canning factory business and make it possible for the Indians to live. They refused, and he went back to Alaska. Literally, he died of a broken heart.

Then a strange thing happened. The River Yukon flows into Bering Strait by several mouths. The summer after Mr. Stuck's death the salmon came up the river by one of the other mouths, one which had not been used by them for a generation. That summer the greedy cannery men, not being able to move their factories and

traps on short notice to the other river mouth, had a poor catch, while the Indians once more had plenty of fish. Since that time the laws have been changed, so that the rights of the Indians to their share of the salmon have been to some extent protected. And this helps us to believe that Hudson Stuck was right in saying, as he did say over and over again, "This is God's world. God is our Father who loves us. The Lord Jesus came from heaven to redeem us. And no one can hurt a hair of our heads if we put our trust in God."

IX

FRANK HIGGINS

Sky Pilot to Lumberjacks

"YOU called me brother," said the Negro porter to Frank Higgins as he was leaving the sleeping car on his way to the hospital where he died. "You asked after my wife and children. I couldn't take money from *you.*" The sick man had needed much additional care and service, he could not even walk without leaning on the Negro's strong arm. Yet the tip was refused. "You called me brother."

Years before this, in the dead of a Minnesota winter, Frank Higgins was tramping through the woods to one of his lumber camps, and overtook on the way a drunken lumberjack. The man would probably have fallen exhausted in the snow and been frozen to death if Mr. Higgins had not happened to come by and carried him into camp. The following summer, coming again to the same camp, Mr. Higgins came upon the same man, drunk again, and dirty beyond description. Dragging the besotted creature to a

nearby river he washed him and washed his clothes. Sobered by the cold water, and waiting for his clothes to dry, the man Louis did some thinking.

"Mr. Higgins," he said, "you're white pine without a knot. I'm a low-down dirty bum, and yet you're white to me. You treat me like a brother."

"That's our relation, Louis," said Mr. Higgins. "We *are* brothers."

Brothers for whose sake Christ died—such, to Frank Higgins, were all his fellow-men.

Frank Higgins was born of Irish Presbyterian parents in Toronto, Canada. His father died when he was a baby. His mother was married again, to a man named John Castle, and the family moved out into the wilds of Ontario, where Frank, with Indian boys and girls for his playmates, grew up amidst the hardships of pioneer life, learning to shoot with bow and arrow, to hunt and fish, and to practise all the other arts of the forest. Of course there were few schools. At eighteen he could read and write, but so far as book learning went, he knew very little. John Castle was a kind stepfather, and sincerely and deeply religious. Frank caught something of his spirit and decided that he wanted to become a

preacher. This meant that somehow he must get an education. When he was twenty years old he went back to Toronto, grown man though he now was, entered the sixth grade of the public schools, and studied arithmetic and geography with the boys and girls. Seven years later he went to Hamline University in Minneapolis, and after studying there for two years was sent as minister to the Presbyterian church in a little Minnesota town called Barnum.

"Mr. Higgins, come out to my lumber camp some day," said one of his parishioners after he had been in Barnum some months. "There is fine fishing in Kettle River." "That settles it," replied the minister. "If there is good fishing I'm coming." In those days the greater part of northern Minnesota was covered with forests. Barnum was situated not far from the edge of this lumber country, and many were the camps where lumberjacks cut down the trees and hauled them to the Kettle River, to be floated down stream to the nearest railroad. They were having a log drive in the river the day of Mr. Higgins' first visit. Great masses of logs were being started on their journey. Now and then some of the logs would become jammed and block the way for the others, and the men had to run

out over the floating mass and pry them loose. It is difficult and dangerous work. In the evening the "river pigs" came dripping from their work and dried themselves by a blazing fire near the wannigan, or camp headquarters. Frank Higgins ate supper with them. After supper the men asked him to preach to them. "I thought at first it was a joke," he afterwards said; "it was the last crowd on earth from which to expect such a request. But they meant it, and I delivered the goods." So, as the rays of the setting sun came slanting through the aisles of that living temple of pine trees, those rough men sang together, "Nearer My God to Thee," and "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." Then Mr. Higgins told them of Jesus, the lover of wanderers. The men thanked him and asked him to come again. And that was the beginning of a long and wonderful story.

There were thousands and thousands of these lumberjacks in that north country, and if ever men were neglected and forgotten and in need of a good friend, these were such men. They were indeed wanderers. They lived in temporary camps far from home and family. Their bunk houses were usually uncomfortable, dirty, and unsanitary. They seldom were able to stay long enough in one place to make friends. The only

Now and then some of the logs would become jammed and block the way for the others, and the men had to run out over the floating mass and pry them loose.

persons who took any interest in them were those who could make money out of them. In Barnum, for example, while respectable people shunned them, there were scores of brightly lighted saloons where they were always welcome while their money lasted. In the rear of every saloon there was a "snake room" where "drunks" were thrown after they had become unconscious. No matter how much money a man might have had when he came to town, he somehow found, when he woke up next morning in the "snake room," that his money was gone. Frank Higgins fought the men's battles. Many a lumberjack formed the habit of making Mr. Higgins his banker when he came to town. In that way they managed to escape the saloons and get back to camp again in their right minds.

One day Higgins heard that his friend Paddy was going on a spree. Entering a saloon he found the man emptying his pockets on the bar and inviting all creation to drink with him. "I'll take this for my treat, Paddy," said Higgins, laying his hand over the roll of bills. "No, you don't!" shouted the bartender, and started after him with a stick. "Cut it out, you fool!" shouted a big lumber man. "This is the Sky Pilot, and the man who touches him takes me on, and some

more besides." The bartender thought better of his threats. The next morning Paddy came around to Mr. Higgins' house. "Pilot," said he, "they've cleaned me out again. What am I going to do?" "They didn't get quite all of it, Paddy," answered the Pilot, "here's what was left when I got there," and he handed him back his roll.

More and more the new minister at Barnum gave his time to helping these men from the woods. Day after day he visited them in their camps, preaching to them, whenever they were willing, in their bunk houses in the evening. "God helping me," he said to himself, "I will do something to brighten their days and put hope into their tomorrows."

One week the minister was away preaching to a different crowd every night, and he forgot about Sunday service in the church at Barnum until it was too late to get back. "Didn't you have service?" he said to his people the next day. "How could we," they replied, "when there was no one to lead us?" Said he, "Can't Christians praise God without a poor chap like me to direct them?" His friends advised him to give up his work for the lumberjacks and "stick to his regular parish." But Frank Higgins could not resist

the call of human need, and the needs of these friendless fellows were many and urgent. So he kept on helping them.

One cold winter night two lumber men called at his house. "We want you quick," was their message. "Will Lee is asking for you. He is a mighty sick man. We are trying to get him to St. Luke's Hospital in Duluth." "I'll get him through," said Higgins. And a little later the patient was bundled into Mr. Higgins' own sleigh and driven over the snow to the night train. Mr. Higgins went with him on the train to the city, and to the hospital. But it was no use. The doctors looked the man over and shook their heads. They could not save him. Towards morning, as the Pilot sat by the dying man's bedside, Will Lee said to him, "Thank God you came to our camp that night last year. Because you came, I'm not afraid to die. Mr. Higgins, go back to the camps. They need you more than the towns do. Go back to the camps."

Walking the corridors of the hospital and the streets of Duluth with Will Lee's words ringing in his ears, Frank Higgins faced the supreme decision of his life. He had been ambitious to become a successful preacher in a big city church. Could he give up his dream and give his whole

life to the service of these forgotten men whom no one else seemed to consider worth a thought? Only one answer seemed possible: they were brothers, and they needed him.

From that time on, the young minister gave his whole mind to the study of the needs of these men. He discovered to his surprise that the lumber industry was far larger than he had imagined. Vast areas, not only in Minnesota but in many other states, were covered with forests, and hundreds of thousands of men from Maine to Oregon were employed in lumber camps, cutting the logs and transporting them over the icy forest trails in the winter, and down the rivers in the spring. Almost nothing was being done to make it possible for them to be happy and hopeful, or even to live decently. He himself could do little, single-handed. He must enlist the interest of others. The work must be organized. Other "pilots," scores of them, must be found to tramp from camp to camp, carrying the good news of friendship, human and divine. But who would provide the money for such work? His own fellow ministers, the leaders in his own denomination, discouraged his efforts. Some of these church leaders seemed to care more for building up their own organizations than any-

thing else. They wanted to see new churches being started in towns which would one day be large and prosperous; to see stately church buildings lifting their steeples to the sky. But these poor lumber men were here today, and next year, when all the trees around this year's camp had been cut down, they were scattered to the four winds. "No organization," Higgins was told, "will ever put money into changing camps where nothing permanent can be established."

Then one day the lumber men themselves helped him to surmount this difficulty. A delegation of them called at his home, looking somewhat embarrassed and ill at ease. They were more accustomed to deeds than to words. Finally their spokesman said, "Pilot, you've been coming to our camps for a long time now, and giving us the help we so much needed. At first we thought you were working some new kind of graft and we waited to see what it was. But you have never asked us for money. We see now that you're not doing it for money. But we don't want you to think we are 'pikers.' So some of the boys have chipped in and have asked me to hand you this"—it was a check for fifty-one dollars. And Frank Higgins was able to tell the Evangelistic Committee of the Presbyterian

Church that his friends of the lumber camps were themselves contributing money of their own free will to help him carry on his work. The committee were quick to respond with an offer to help. And shortly thereafter Mr. Higgins was given an appointment, with regular salary, as missionary to the lumberjacks.

There followed fifteen wonderful years of brotherliness, filled with experiences much like those already described. The forms his usefulness took were multiplied. Part of the time he traveled from camp to camp with a dog sled, like the mushers of the far north. He had two great Saint Bernard dogs, Flash and Spark. Many a winter night he camped out of doors with them, in zero weather, sleeping by the camp fire while they kept watch against wolves. In summer, however, and often in winter when the trails were bad, he made his journeys on foot, carrying a heavy pack, which was loaded not only with his own belongings but with magazines for his boys to read in the long evenings, and with other articles for their comfort.

Now and then Mr. Higgins encountered opposition. Sometimes his meetings were interrupted by mischief makers. Always at first he would try to win their respectful attention by

kindness and persuasion. "Boys," he would say, "remember, this is our church, the only church we have." On rare occasions, when nothing else would do, he used more drastic methods to secure order. Once he ducked a big fellow head down in a barrel of water. There was no further trouble from that source. Most of the opposition came from outside the camps, rather than from among the men. There were some shortsighted camp owners who were afraid that Higgins would stir up discontent, so that the men would no longer put up with filthy vermin, infested bunk houses, and bad food. He did stir up discontent. What is more, he went straight to the camp owners themselves and told them to their faces that they ought to be ashamed of themselves; and he told the outside world something of the disgraceful conditions. Gradually improvements came. Today there are many camps with iron beds, clean blankets and clean white sheets, and some even with steam heat. Much of the credit for this should go to Frank Higgins.

As time went on the large city churches, east and west, began to hear about this sky pilot of the lumberjacks, and in 1909 he was invited to visit Philadelphia and other eastern cities and tell his story. He was not accustomed to the ways of

city churches and dreaded the experience. When one has spent most of one's life, day in and day out, amid rough surroundings, one forgets some of the rules of etiquette. But he swallowed his fears and made up his mind that people would take him for what he was and listen when he told them about his boys. One evening, at the close of dinner with many distinguished guests, the waitress handed him a finger bowl. He stared at it in perplexity, and finally took the flower which lay on the surface of the water and put it in his buttonhole. When a bowl was brought to the next guest he saw his mistake and the whole table joined in his laugh when he said, "You'll have to bring around a bigger tub than that when you want a lumberjack to take a bath." Listeners everywhere he went hung on his words as he told of his parish among the pines. And new missionaries were sent out to lumber camps in other states: to Maine, New York, Michigan, Idaho, Montana, Oregon and Washington.

It was on his eastern trip that Mr. Higgins first noticed the pain in his shoulder which from now on began more and more to trouble him. An insidious disease was stealthily sapping his vitality, a disease which was the direct result of his work in the woods. All those years when he had

carried a heavy pack, distributing literally tons of magazines and other comforts, the straps had steadily pressed down upon his shoulder blades and collar bone and had produced a chronic irritation. Sarcoma set in. Several surgical operations were performed, but the disease was not cured. So there came that concluding journey when the colored porter said to him, "You called me brother." Frank Higgins died January 4, 1915. He had in literal truth given his life for his brothers, for whom Christ died.

X

CORA WILSON STEWART

Founder of the Moonlight Schools

CORA WILSON was a mountain girl, born in Rowan County in eastern Kentucky, January 17, 1875. Being a mountain girl in those days meant that both she and her people were for the most part shut away from the world outside the mountains. This had been true for many years. Look on your map at the mountainous region stretching south from eastern Kentucky and West Virginia, through Tennessee and the Carolinas to Georgia; notice how few rivers there are on which the news of the world's happenings could be carried. Of course, in modern days there are good roads (in many sections, not all). But good roads cost money. And for more than half a century, especially after the Civil War, it was impossible for the mountain people to do more than make a bare living from their little farms. So they struggled along by themselves, knowing almost nothing of what was going on beyond the mountains. They did not

even realize that the English language was gradually changing. They kept on saying "hit" for "it," just as our ancestors did in the time of the poet Chaucer; and "larning" for learning, and "writ" for written. There was little or no money or time for any kind of education. In many a cabin there was a shelf of old books, but no one could read them. So it was that little Cora Wilson was ten years old before she saw the inside of a schoolhouse, or learned to read.

When, however, she was just past ten, the family moved down from their hillside cabin to a little town called Morehead, where there was a school. And one day the teacher of this school had a new pupil, a brown-eyed little girl named Cora Wilson. How eagerly she learned to read! And with this new ability to use books, a new world of delightful things opened before her. Life back in the mountains had been tedious and tiresome. The boys and girls had nothing to do but work, unless perhaps to get into mischief. As one old man said, "Our young folks never knowed there was any pleasure 'ceptin' mean pleasure. We never knowed there was right pleasure." [1] In some of the houses of her old neighbors there had been books. "They belonged

[1] Quoted from *The Quare Women.*

to grandpap," it used to be said. But alas, after grandpap died no one had been able to read any of them, not even the old Bible, until little Cora began to take them down and brush the dust off.

Quickly the years went by, and Cora kept on going to school. After she grew up she kept on studying, and became a school teacher. The greatest pleasure in life for her was helping the mountain boys and girls to get an education. Even after she married and became known as Cora Wilson Stewart, she kept on teaching. So skilful and successful was her work that she was made superintendent of schools for Rowan County.

Teachers are supposed to concern themselves chiefly with children. Grown folks until recently have not been thought of as needing education. But among the neighbors of the new superintendent of schools was a mother whose daughter had moved to Chicago. There, in the night schools of the great city, the daughter had learned to read, and she now began to send letters home to her mother. The mother, of course, could not read, and would bring the letters to Mrs. Stewart, walking seven miles to reach her, over the hills and back. Then there

came a period when she did not come. When she did come, about six weeks later, she had a letter, as usual, but the envelope had been opened.

"Shall I read and answer it for you?" said Mrs. Stewart.

"No," the woman replied, straightening herself to her full height. "No, I kin answer hit fer myself. I've larned to read and write. You see," she went on, "hit seemed like thar was a wall 'twixt Jane and me all the time, an' I wanted to read with my own eyes what she had writ with her own hand. So I want to the store and bought me a speller, and I sot up till midnight and sometimes till daylight, an' I larned to read and write." And it was true.

Another time Mrs. Stewart was attending an entertainment at one of the little schools in her county. There was a young man who sang a beautiful ballad, partly made up of verses which had been handed down from his ancestors in England, but largely his own composition.

"Dennis," said Mrs. Stewart afterwards, "that was a beautiful poem. It ought to be printed in a book. Won't you write a copy for me?" Poor Dennis hung his head as he answered, "I would if I could write, but I can't. Why, I've thought up a hundred, better'n that, but I fergit 'em

before anybody comes along who can write 'em down."

And Cora Stewart said to herself, "Is it necessary to leave all these older people in the pitiful darkness of their ignorance, just because no one gave them a chance to learn when they were children?"

Immediately she set on foot a plan for opening special schools for grown people who had not been able to learn to read when they were of the usual school age. But when should the school sessions be held? All these men and women had to work hard all day for practically every day in the year. And at night there seemed to be even worse difficulties. Most of them lived many miles from the nearest schoolhouse. The roads were bad; after a storm the mud in the roads was almost bottomless. There were no bridges over the creeks; one had to wade across them in places where they were shallow. Worst of all, there had been a feud in the county, one of those old-time feuds which used to be so common on the border between Scotland and England, and in some of the mountain counties of Kentucky. This made it nothing less than dangerous to venture out on a dark night. Somebody might mistake you for a member of one of the families in the feud and

put a bullet through you. So it happened that Mrs. Stewart hit upon the idea of holding these schools for grownups only on those evenings in the month when there was a bright moon—hence the name, moonlight schools.

The first sessions were held on the evening of September 5, 1911. The moon was shining bright and clear. Nearly all the schoolhouses in the county had been thrown open for this purpose. Among them was the school in Morehead, where little Cora Wilson had first learned her ABC's. The teachers of the county had spent the preceding day going up and down the mountain roads, stopping at every log cabin to tell of the plan. Would the people come? "Probably not," it was said. "They will be tired from their day's work. Many of the mothers have babies to care for. The roads are rough, and the hills are steep. If we get three people in each schoolhouse we shall do well; for as there are just fifty schoolhouses, that will be one hundred and fifty in the entire county." But instead of a hundred and fifty there were twelve hundred who came to school that first night. The youngest was eighteen years old, the oldest was eighty-six.

"Just to have a chance in the world like other people," said the eighteen-year-old.

"Just to learn to read my Bible," said the old man.

Many of them learned to write their names that evening, and fairly shouted for joy. Among them was the lad who composed songs and had forgotten them, "before anybody came along who could write 'em down."

That first evening of the moonlight school plan was the beginning of great things for Kentucky and America. The idea began to spread. Other counties and states heard what was being done in Rowan. The governor and members of the Kentucky legislature heard, and Governor McCreary appointed a commission, of which Mrs. Stewart was chairman, with the purpose of "stamping out illiteracy." This means that they undertook to teach everybody in Kentucky to read and write; at least, to make sure that there was nobody in the whole state who could not at least read and write his own name. In Rowan County this was actually accomplished within a year or two. The teachers made it a crusade. If a man would not come to the schoolhouse, they went to his cabin. Finally there were only twenty-three persons left in the whole county who could not read, and these were either blind or for some reason incapable of learning.

As the movement spread, there was a call for a new kind of primer. The primers and first readers which in those days were used for children seemed silly to these older people. Who wants to read, "This is a cat—This is a rat—The cat sees the rat"? Yet the words in the primers for these grownups needed to be just as short and simple as cat and rat. Mrs. Stewart wrote new books and had them printed. They were just as easy as a child's primer, and yet full of interest to these older boys and girls. Here are some of the sentences:

This is a road.
It is a good road.
It will save my time.
It will save my team.
It will save my wagon.
The good road is my friend.
I will work for the good road.

Mrs. Stewart tells of one man who looked rather reproachfully at his wife when he stood up and read the following:

God made man.
Woman makes bread.
It takes the bread
that woman makes

That first evening of the moonlight school plan was the beginning of great things for Kentucky and America.

to sustain the man
that God made.
But the bread
that some women make
would not sustain any man
that God made.

Remember that in the Kentucky mountains you cannot go down to the corner grocery and buy a loaf of baker's bread. Let us hope that the woman in this story took the hint, and went and learned how to make good bread!

Besides reading and writing, people studied other things in the moonlight schools. Arithmetic, for example; and one man was able to earn double the wages he had ever before received, because of his new knowledge. Geography and history were other subjects. Hundreds of men and women realized now for the first time the greatness of their country, our United States of America.

It would be hard to give a true idea of the wonderful results of the moonlight schools. Many of them were quite surprising. Here was a man with the job of postmaster who had never been able to read and write—his daughter had always done the work. She had wanted to be married to a young man whom she loved, but how

could her father run his post-office? How would he earn his living? Then came his chance to go to the moonlight school. He learned to read and write, and his daughter married the young man.

There were several preachers who could not read. Someone else had to read their texts for them. Many were the funny mistakes—as when one of these preachers misunderstood the sentence, "Paul was an austere man," taking it to mean, "Paul was an oyster man." He explained to his congregation that Peter was a fisherman, and Paul an oysterman. Many of these men learned to read their Bibles and began to preach with new joy and power and earnestness.

The World War came on. Thousands of mountain boys went to France. Hundreds of them would not have been able to write home to their mothers had it not been for the moonlight schools. Many of them would have gone to death in a foreign land without ever having read a letter from home.

Into many a little mountain community the moonlight school brought a new spirit of hope and kindness and love. "I have lived in this district," wrote one man, "for fifty-five years, and I never saw any such interest as we have here now. We have a live Sunday school, a singing

school, prayer meeting once a month, and preaching twice a month." Men and women who had hated and fought one another were now schoolmates. Mrs. Stewart tells of seeing one evening a group of men who had formerly been in a feud and had therefore "toted" guns, ready to shoot each other on sight, now studying the Bible together. There were hundreds of other men and women who were thus changed. A new door to God had been opened for the people of this whole mountain region. Mrs. Stewart's name ranks high among those who helped to open and keep open that door.

XI

ROSWELL BATES

The Gospel of Love in the City

THE girls in the shirtwaist factory were just beginning to put away their things before going home on Saturday afternoon. It was on the tenth floor of a tall building on Washington Square, New York City. The whole floor was filled as closely as possible with machines, driven by electric motors. Hundreds of girls had been at work all day, and now were beginning to wonder how soon the closing bell would ring. Suddenly there was a cry of fire. There was the smell of smoke. Immediately the girls began to hurry toward the doors which led to the elevators and to the stairs. Alas, certain doors which should always have been kept open were locked that afternoon. The elevators could carry only a limited number at a time. Only two or three abreast could go down the stairways. The girls found themselves in the midst of a mad panic. There was danger lest many should be crushed or trampled to death by the terror-stricken crowd.

One of the forewomen on that tenth floor was a girl named Daisy Lopez. When the first cry of fire rang out she was standing near the elevator, and in a few seconds could have been safe on the street. But seeing the danger which threatened the other girls, she leaped upon a table near one of the exits, and calling out, quieted the panic and made the girls form in line. In this way forty of them passed by her to safety. But by that time the room was filled with smoke, and the flames had cut off all chance of escape by either the stairs or the elevator. Daisy, along with many others, taking the only chance that was left, leaped out of the window into the net held by the firemen on the street below. But these fire nets were of little use where people had to jump from so great a height. Brave, unselfish Daisy Lopez died in a New York hospital next day.

Who was Daisy Lopez? Her story is well worth hearing. Only a few years before this terrible fire she was a ragged little girl beggar on the streets of downtown New York. She was born in London, the child of a Spanish father and an English mother. The family drifted to the West Indies, where both parents were killed in an earthquake. Finally Daisy and her two

older sisters found themselves living, or trying to live, in New York. They were desperately poor. The two sisters were able to earn a little, but Daisy was too young. Driven by hunger, the child began to ask for pennies on the streets. Near where she lived was the Spring Street Presbyterian Church. On Sunday evenings she would often stand outside near the church doors and ask the people for money as they came out.

One winter night she was standing there, wearing a dirty, tattered black dress, and an old black shawl over her head, when a man came up to her. She saw that he had kind eyes and a gentle face. He talked to her, learned her name and where she lived, and invited her to come next evening to the house next door to the church, where, he said, she could have a good time with a club of girls of her own age. Daisy came to the Spring Street Neighborhood House and played with the girls. She came again—came many times, and joined the club. Winter passed, and springtime brought the green leaves and flowers: not very many, alas, to Spring Street. On the thirtieth of May there was to be a picnic at the beach for the children of the Spring Street church. Daisy Lopez went to the picnic wearing a pretty clean white dress. It was the happiest day of all her

life. For the first time she realized what it meant to have friends. For the first time also she knew love for God, because God had given her friends. Especially did she thank God for the man with the kind eyes and the gentle face, who seemed to be the soul of all that was good on Spring Street. That man was Roswell Bates, the pastor of Spring Street Presbyterian Church. It was his influence that made it possible for the little ragged beggar child to grow up a noble, unselfish girl, one who could completely forget herself in a time of mortal danger, and sacrifice her own life to save the girls with whom she worked.

"My idea of the Kingdom of God on earth is to have one man like Roswell Bates living in every city block." Thus spoke a friend. The spirit of Christ truly lived again in the forty-three years of this man's life. Even as a boy he was remarkable for the intense way in which he stood up for the ideas and the people in which he believed. He went from his home in Auburn, New York, to Hamilton College in Clinton. During his college course a fellow student came to him in great trouble. He had been guilty of theft and was fearful of what would happen when it was discovered. Roswell Bates allowed himself to be accused of the wrongdoing, and was

On Sunday evenings she would often stand outside near the church doors and ask the people for money as they came out.

for a time suspended from college, though later the truth came out. Probably Roswell himself would have hesitated before doing such a thing again, but the action shows how far he was willing to go in helping a friend.

The men of the Bates family had generally been physicians—Roswell's father had been a physician, and so had his grandfather and his great-grandfather. In the flyleaf of the boy's Bible the father once wrote, "God bless my boy, that he may bless the world." It was natural that in such a home, where father and mother were deeply religious, a lad like Roswell, with a natural gift for public speaking and leadership, should think of becoming a minister. His mother died suddenly when he was eighteen, and in their last talk together she told him how happy she would be if he should become a minister of the gospel of Christ. So he went from college to Auburn Theological Seminary.

To what kind of a church would he go when he should finish his training? To a rich and fashionable one, or to some poor mission in the far west or on the foreign field? No doubt Roswell Bates would have done good anywhere. But by chance he took a trip to New York and visited the Spring Street Presbyterian Church. This had

been one of the rich churches of the great city, but the rich members had long since moved further uptown, and now poor people, thousands of them, lived in the neighborhood. They could not pay very much toward the minister's salary. Whoever went there as their minister would have to be content with plain food and few luxuries. But if ever people needed friendliness it was the people in this neighborhood. Here were poverty and suffering, here were the temptations that go with both of these and with city life. Roswell Bates said to himself: "I want to be a minister in a church like Spring Street." And within a few years he was actually called to be the pastor of that church.

Here, for twelve wonderful years until his death in 1913, he poured out his strength in unfailing love and measureless devotion. He had not been in the work long before he realized that the neighborhood needed a neighborhood house, through which the spirit of friendliness might more fully shine out. The boys and girls needed a gymnasium, a place in which to play games and hold meetings. The young people needed a place where they could hold parties and give plays. There was no suitable room for a kindergarten. So, with the help of friends who gave money, Mr.

Bates arranged for the purchase of a building near the church, which was named the Spring Street Neighborhood House. It was not long before this five-story building was crowded from top to bottom every day in the week. There were clubs of all kinds for boys and girls. There was a day nursery where mothers who had to go out to work could leave their babies to be cared for. There was a gymnasium and a library. There were a thousand activities through which boys and girls and men and women learned, as Daisy Lopez learned, what it meant to have friends.

The cause of much of the poverty and suffering which Mr. Bates saw all around him was the greed and injustice of employers and landlords. The owners of many of those dirty tenement houses cared for nothing except money. They would squeeze from their poor tenants all the rent which could possibly be extorted, and do nothing to keep their houses in condition for human beings to live in. So Mr. Bates engaged one of the best lawyers in the city to serve the interests of the people in the neighborhood, whenever necessary, without charge.

The great influence of this man on the lives in Spring Street, however, was due not so much to

the clubs and the gymnasium classes, nor to the sermons in the church, inspiring though these were, but to innumerable acts of personal kindness. Roswell Bates *lived* the Golden Rule. One winter morning he was late to breakfast, and a friend afterwards learned that the reason was that he had stopped to shovel the snow off the walk in front of the house of a sick woman. Again, a man and his wife living in the neighborhood had planned to go back for a visit to their old home in Ireland, taking with them their little baby. They were unable to afford anything but the cheapest room on the steamboat, and the steerage rooms in those days were both uncomfortable and unclean. When they reached the boat they found that someone had paid for better and more comfortable quarters for them. It was Mr. Bates.

There was, of course, a constant stream of people coming to the church and asking Mr. Bates for money. They all claimed to be out of work. In many cases the people really deserved to be helped. Others, however, were shiftless loafers. It was customary to suggest to able-bodied men that they could always go to the city woodyard and earn a dinner by a few hours' work. Often, however, the reply was, "No man

who is as hungry as I am can do the work in a woodyard. It is almost too hard for a well-fed man." In order to find out for himself whether or not this was true, Mr. Bates dressed up one day as a tramp and went to the woodyard and was given a job sawing wood. It was a hot summer day, and Mr. Bates worked until he was overcome by the heat. It was true, he found, that the men in charge of the woodyard required too much from the starving men who came there to earn a little bread.

A newcomer visiting in the Spring Street neighborhood would be struck with this fact: the faces of the ordinary men and women and children would always light up at the mention of this man's name. "He is so lovely," said a little Italian girl, "that the room is bright when he comes in." There was indeed a light shining in his face, and from his life, not from the material world, the light of Christ shining through him. Thousands came to know Christ because they had known Roswell Bates.

There was one lesson, however, that this man never seemed to learn. That was the lesson of sparing his own strength and health. Most workers in a place like the Spring Street neighborhood learn that there come times when they

simply have to shut their eyes to others' trouble and suffering, in order that they themselves may rest and be refreshed. Mr. Bates never could do this. He continually worked beyond the limits of his physical strength, and as a result he wore himself out. In June 1913 he sailed with Mrs. Bates on a vacation trip to South America. But the vacation had come too late. Far up in the mountains of Peru the end came for the earthly life of Roswell Bates. Like Jesus himself, he died when he was still a young man, and like Jesus also he had given his very life for God's little ones. Who knows but that, like Jesus again, his spirit may not still be in this world of men, helping on the triumph of the kingdom of love.

XII

ARTHUR NASH

The Golden Rule in Business

SEWING on buttons at four dollars a week—this was the work and the wage of a little old woman in the Nash Clothing Factory in Cincinnati. Mr. Arthur Nash, the owner, was looking over the payroll, and this woman's name came first. A few days later a meeting of the employees was called in the little factory, and Mr. Nash began to speak. He announced that he was going to raise the wages of all his workers. This was not because the business had been specially successful, for it had not. But Mr. Nash had been reading the New Testament, and had come to the astonishing conclusion that somebody ought to give the Golden Rule a fair trial in everyday business life. So he began to read the names on the payroll. As the first name was read, the little old woman held up her trembling hand.

"I thought of my old mother," says Mr. Nash, "and wondered how *she* would manage to get

along on only four dollars a week. Finally I blurted out, 'I don't know what it is worth to sew on buttons. I never sewed one on. But your wages to begin with will be twelve dollars a week instead of four dollars.'" So he went on, right down through the list, giving the largest increases to those who were getting the least, but giving some increase to all. And he added, "So long as we run this shop, God being my helper, I am going to treat you as my brothers and sisters, and the Golden Rule is to be our only governing law. Which means that whatever I would like to have you do to me were I in your place, I am going to do to you."

A few months later Mr. Nash went to the bookkeeper and asked how much there was in the bank. When she told him the amount he could not believe his ears. "Don't you know," said she, "that we are doing almost three times the amount of business that we were doing this time last year?" How was it possible? They had hired no new help. They had bought no new machines. How could the same number of workers make three times as many garments in the same number of hours and days?

The bookkeeper could not answer. But the forewoman down in the shop took Mr. Nash over

to where he could see the little woman whose wages he had increased three hundred per cent. Somehow her poor old fingers had been unstiffened, and a look of youth had come into her face. "She is doing twice as much work now as she ever did before," said the forewoman. "But the most noticeable thing is the way the skilled help have been working, especially the cutters. They used to loaf on the job. Now the garments are coming through in one constant stream." How had it come about?

Arthur Nash was born in a little log cabin on a farm in Indiana in 1870. His parents were devout members of the Seventh Day Adventist Church. The mother's influence on the growing lad was especially strong and deep. As he grew older he decided that he wanted to be a minister, in order to preach the religion of Jesus Christ which had made his parents' lives so lovable and strong. So he went to the school where preachers for the Adventist Church were trained. For a short time he was the pastor of a church. But it was thought necessary in those days for a minister to have certain fixed ideas about which persons may go to heaven after death, and Arthur Nash could not honestly say that he believed all that he was supposed to believe. Very sorrow-

fully he resigned from his church. There seemed to be nothing else that he was equipped to do, and for several years he wandered miserably from place to place looking for odd jobs. He "hopped" freight trains, carried a bricklayer's hod, helped to plaster houses, worked in a broom factory, found a job with a bridge construction gang. Finally he became a salesman for a firm in Chicago which manufactured men's clothing, and traveled for them in farming communities with great success. By the year 1909 he was the owner of his own clothing factory in Columbus, Ohio. A disastrous flood in 1913 destroyed the building and nearly wiped out the business. In a year or two, however, he made a fresh start in Cincinnati, where we found him at the beginning of our story.

Those were the days of the World War. For three years the newspapers were filled with stories of horror upon horror. Then came that dark winter and spring of 1917. America went into the war and sent a million men to France, of whom more than forty thousand never returned. One of Mr. Nash's own sons had enlisted with the Canadians and was seriously wounded at Vimy Ridge. Like many another man who looks about him at a world called Christian, Mr. Nash

began to think that something must be wrong with Christianity. "Look at that scene across the ocean," he would say. "Tell me if you think that is Christianity. Those nations that are at each other's throats are, with one or two exceptions, all nominally Christian nations. Cannot the religion which they profess do anything to put a stop to this tragedy? What's wrong with Christianity?"

One of the ministers to whom he used to talk came to him one day and said, "I have to be away from town on a Sunday about two months from now, and I want you to come and tell my people what you think is wrong with Christianity."

In preparing for this address, Mr. Nash began to study the four Gospels to find out what Jesus himself had taught. He knew the old familiar words almost by heart, but never before had he realized their meaning. He discovered to his astonishment that Jesus said very little about the life after death, but that day after day, in village after village, he had made it his chief business to persuade men to seek the kingdom of God on this earth. And the climax to this teaching, Mr. Nash found, was that great saying which we call the Golden Rule: "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do

ye even so unto them; for this is the law and the prophets."

"As I read that verse," says Mr. Nash, "the light of its true meaning broke in upon my soul. I laid down my Bible and said, 'The only thing that is wrong with Christianity is that we are not giving it a trial.'" So it came to pass that Mr. Nash not only delivered the address he had promised but resolved that he would find a way to give that Golden Rule a real trial in his own business. He would practise what he had preached.

Everybody admits that the Golden Rule is beautiful as an ideal. But, men say, can we expect human nature to live up to it? Will men work unless they are driven to work by selfish motives? Will not each man grab all he can for himself, regardless of the needs of his fellows?

The years that followed Mr. Nash's decision brought to him all manner of severe tests for this rule of Jesus. As we have seen, the production of the little factory was doubled and even trebled, and the profits were increasing accordingly. Here right away was a test of Mr. Nash's own sincerity. What should be done with these increased profits? Should he quietly put them away in his own bank account? Why should he not? Had he not already increased the wages of

his workers far above the standards of other factories? And yet the Golden Rule said, "As ye would that men should do unto you." Arthur Nash decided that those profits must be shared with the men and women who had helped to create them. A meeting of the employees was called and the whole matter discussed. It was finally voted that after interest charges were paid on the original investment, the profits still remaining should be equally divided between Mr. Nash and the workers in his factory. At first those who had been receiving the highest wages got the larger share of this bonus. But at the request of the skilled workers themselves, it was later arranged that the poorer and less skilled workers should receive more. It was agreed that "they need it more."

Still the money kept flowing in, and the business kept growing. In the year 1919 the factory did a business of more than half a million. The following year, 1920, this figure jumped to more than a million and a half. In 1925, it had risen to more than twelve millions. By that time there were over three thousand workers in the factory, and more than two thousand salesmen scattered over the United States. And this was the little business which seven years earlier, in 1918, was

employing only about forty people. But no matter how much money was made, it was divided fairly and squarely according to the plan described above. When Arthur Nash died, in the fall of 1927, although he was the president of one of the largest clothing firms in the United States, he was by no means what would be called in these days a very wealthy man. But thousands of humble workers in his factory were enjoying comfort such as few factory workers ever dream of.

As the business grew and the number of workers increased, it was not so easy to inspire each individual worker with the spirit of the Golden Rule. Some were sure to be attracted to the Nash Clothing Company merely in the hope of finding a soft job with plenty of easy pay. And among such people there would be a strong tendency to "scamp" the work, and turn out poorly finished garments. There was, for example, the "coal-chute gang," a group of cutters who were paid by the piece, so much for each suit or overcoat. They would come before the doors were opened, as early as five o'clock in the morning, slide down the coal chute, and so get to their benches and go to work. And some of their work was a disgrace. Complaints began to come in. A Methodist minister received a suit of clothes in

which the leg seam in the trousers was so crooked that he was ashamed to wear them. A salesman wrote in that he had decided to throw up his job; he thought Mr. Nash was a hypocrite who had talked much about the Golden Rule but was not "Golden Ruling his customers." Of course the majority of the workers were not of this sort. Nevertheless Mr. Nash was beginning to discover that it is not an easy matter to organize a great business around the Golden Rule. The general principle is clear enough, but to work out the applications of the principle—this evidently requires the utmost care and thought and pains.

The Nash Company garment makers were happy, prosperous and contented. But during most of these years there were hundreds and even thousands of other garment workers tramping the streets of Cincinnati looking for a job. And many who did have jobs were poorly paid. There was a bitter war going on between the employers and the labor unions. In the Nash factory there was no union, and there seemed to be no need of one. But one day a convention of clothing manufacturers passed a resolution highly commending Mr. Nash, because, as they put it, he had discovered so useful a method of fighting the unions. In other words, they said

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that he was using the Golden Rule as a way of keeping his employees contented—and helpless.

Mr. Nash's answer was to call a meeting of his workers and ask them to join the Amalgamated Garment Workers of America. This is perhaps the first time in history that the owner of a business has taken a leading part in persuading his own employees to join a union. Many of them were unwilling. They said, "The Golden Rule is better than a union." Perhaps some of the members of the "coal-chute gang" were afraid that under union rules they could not make quite so much money at the expense of others.

"But," said Mr. Nash, "do we want our factory to be used as an argument on the side of greedy employers who wish to grind their dollars out of the very sweat and blood of our brothers and sisters in their factories?" And at last the vote was passed, and every worker in the Nash force became a member of the union.

It was fortunate that they did so. For through the methods of the union they were almost at once able to improve the quality of the suits and overcoats which the Nash Company sold. For example: "The under-collar basters in Shop Number 2 were having a little trouble. We found that the collars were too long. We

suggested that the collar pattern be shortened. The collars are now coming through O.K." This is just one of hundreds of reports which were made after the union system was adopted. For this union insists that if its members receive good pay they must do good work, and they showed the Nash workers how to organize themselves so as to give every man and woman a chance to learn the best way of doing everything, and at the same time to insist that each shall do his very best.

A factory is too often an ugly place. Its smokestacks pollute the clear air, and those who work in it look out through grimy windows at the sky. Even the cleanest of factories are seldom loved. Men and women go there when they must, to earn their daily bread, and hurry gladly away as soon as the whistles blow. But what strikes visitors to the Nash factory is the fact that the workers love the place. Some of them call it their church. Weddings have been held in it. The workers come smiling to its doors each morning, and leave at night with happy memories in their hearts.

Is not this the way of living which Jesus had in mind when he taught his disciples to pray, "Thy kingdom come"? In the Nash factory

they even have prayer meetings to which many of the workers love to come. And when they repeat the Lord's Prayer, they are accustomed to say, "Thy will be done in this factory, as it is done in heaven."

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